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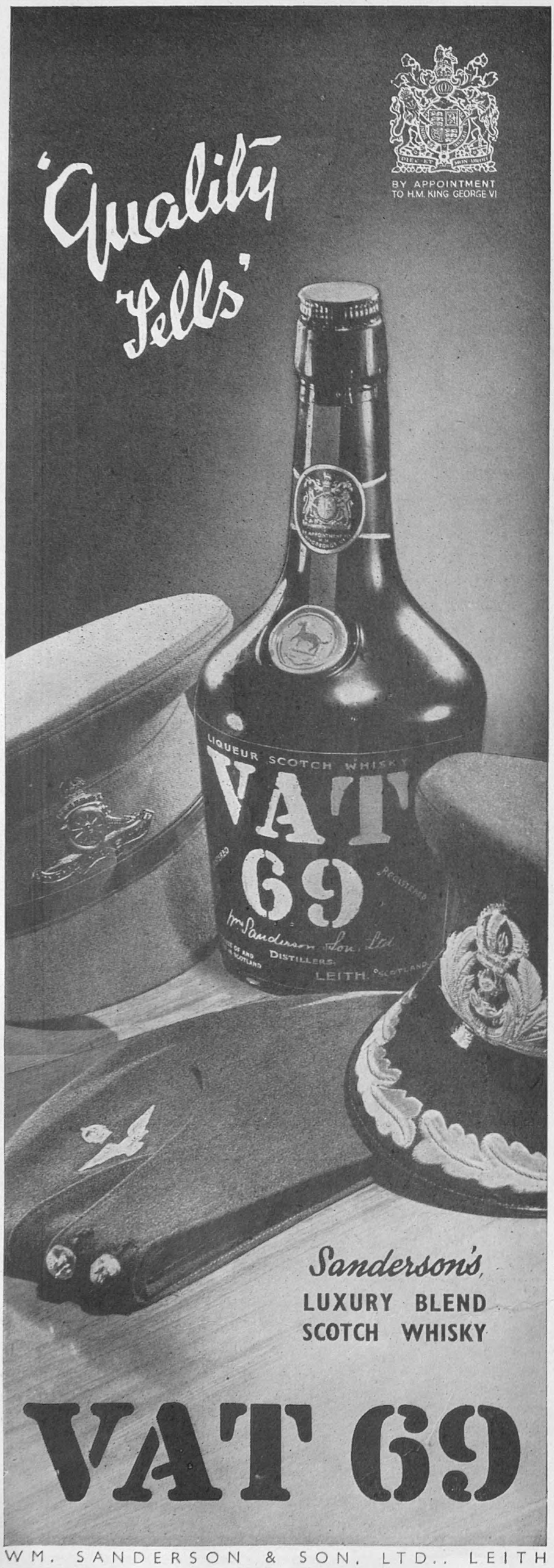

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IN TO-DAY'S ISSUE

"WAY OF THE WAR":—"Foresight's" well-informed commentary.
JAMES AGATE on the Cinema.
HERBERT FARJEON, the Bystander's Dramatic Critic, breaks new ground by reviewing his own show at Wyndhams!
BRIDGET CHETWYND covers the Social front in town and country.
"OLD BILL" goes East: a new series by Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather.
"STANDING BY"—D. B. Wyndham-Lewis writes wittily on One Thing and Another; a popular "Bystander" feature.
THEATRELAND GOES NORTH—Russel Sedgwick visits Blackpool specially for "The Tatler & Bystander."
Richard King's famous intimate Books Causerie, "WITH SILENT FRIENDS."
CLIVEDEN—Lord & Lady Astor at home. Social & sporting snapshots.
"PICTURES IN THE FIRE," by "Sabretache."
'BUBBLE & SQUEAK"; stories from Everywhere.
"AIR EDDIES," by Oliver Stewart.
WITH THE FLEET AIR ARM: Wing Commander E. G. Oakley Beuttler's amusing series continued.
"GETTING MARRIED"—Weddings & Engagements; a favourite "Bystander" feature.
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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, November 9, 1940

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES FOR THE THIRD TIME

—The First Occasion in American History

FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT

On Tuesday, November 5, 50,000,000 citizens of the United States voted in one of the most momentous Presidential elections which have occurred in the history of the States. The actual voting was for the 531 members of the Electoral College who elect the President—a formal function—so that a majority secured this week determines the result which will be formally ratified in December. It soon became evident that President Roosevelt had been elected for a third term, the first man in the history of the United States to serve his country thus. Mr. Roosevelt's first thoughts in his final address on the election eve were for the English people across the seas who were in hourly danger from bombing attack. He reiterated America's expectation to remain at peace; America was a free nation electing its President freely. Afterwards President Roosevelt read an old prayer asking God's guidance for America, and he ended his speech with the word "Amen." This study of the new President was taken at the Philadelphia Convention Hall when he was proclaimed candidate for a third term. By his side is his naval aide, Captain Daniel J. Callahan

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A WAR NEWSLETTER—No. 62

32–34, ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C.4

"A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE?"

—Hitler with the olive branch is even more disgusting than Hitler with the bloody knout. Hitler striving to bring peace and happiness and world order to a Europe brought to misery by the machinations and lusts and failure of Jews, financiers and outworn democratic politicians is more transparent than Hitler as a mass-murderer. I made the point recently that in his fearful career he would be compelled to twist and turn when the peak of his triumphant advance was past, to save himself from falling in repute at home and among his serfs and backers, and would wield now the knout and now the olive branch; and I made the further point (which was somehow lost in the necessity for editorial cutting) that we should very carefully observe the manner of his next "peace-feeler": for this reason, that if that approach showed the least sign of "sweet reasonableness", if in putting it forth he should sink the triumphant conqueror and address himself as the representative of one great power to that of another not less powerful, then we should know precisely how great a knock he had taken in the failure of his *blitzkrieg* on Britain. The less like a lion and the more like a sucking-dove he spoke his piece, the more we should learn of the anxieties and disappointments and fears which now haunt his pillow and his office desk. Peace? What Briton does not long for a peace that *is* peace, because it guarantees liberty and secure rehabilitation to a shattered and unhappy world? And where are those safeguards in any peace dictated by Hitler? There is no free man who even toys with such a notion, how sweet soever the word peace may sound in his deafened ears and weary heart. None toys with it but the Nazis who find themselves in a hole and behind schedule, and the Nazi slaves who desire to wriggle out of their once hopeful gamble or to bury their shame in a new phase of rehabilitation. Mussolini, the assassin of the dark Wynds, and his ineffable Gayda, Ansaldo and the rest, because their decisions and incitements have not carried the Italian nation to enthusiasm and because their boasts have not materialised. Göring and Goebbels, because their bombs and lies have come back on them like boomerangs. Ribbentrop, because his "truth about Britain" proved the biggest of all Nazi lies. And Pétain and his arch-traitor (and once accomplice) Laval, because they wish to bury the shame of France in a new slogan of pity for suffering humanity, a new mission to take a hand in building again what their rottenness and weakness helped to destroy. This surely is of all Christmas messages of peace on earth the most foul and cynical.

ITALY REPAYS HER DEBT TO GREECE.

—And so the "sickening technique" is repeated again in the Axis' wobbling revolutions, and Hitler's dingy accomplice faithfully copies his methods, to order. Greece has been invaded by the customary procedure. A trumped-up charge (which deceived nobody) of "torturing Italian nationals," an ultimatum to expire before it had been received for consideration, and the barbarian hordes were let loose on one more peaceful country, which has no reply to modern armaments. Greece gave Italy her culture once. Now Italy is seeking to repay the debt she owes to Greece—in Mussolini's way. Well may the Italian race hang back from a cause so ignoble and so patently slavish. It cannot be long before they feel, what they know, that their fame and fate have been sacrificed to save the faces of two dictators whose personal careers are more important in their own eyes than nations or humanity or decency. And now the Mediterranean is afire, and the Middle East; and the centre of interest has shifted again or at any rate widened, and once more events will move with embarrassing speed, after a brief interlude of manœuvre and rumour. We have faith that now at last our Fleet and our armies, sore pressed as they must be, will give Mussolini pause for reflection and a taste of the medicine he has compounded with so little knowledge of chemistry. The men of our Empire before long will force him to drain his poison cup.

WORLD'S DECISIVE BATTLES.

—Nothing is more true than that the decisive events of history cannot be appreciated at the time of their occurrence. The difficulty may be less when those events occur in peace-time. War-time is full of sound and fury heard through the fog and smoke of battle. It was far easier to obtain a contemporary idea of the importance of the Statute of Westminster than of the air battle over Britain on August 8–18, 1940. Many writers and (other) experts now agree that the historian of the future, coolly reviewing the events of this war, will add August 8–18, 1940, to the decisive battles of the world. In our own history of attempts to invade and exterminate Britain, that date will be added to July, 1588, and October 21, 1805. The crushing defeat of the German Air Force in August, 1940, paved the way for a second defeat as crushing in September, 1940, and may well have been the turning point of the present war, inasmuch as it produced the first check in Hitler's victorious career of victories and led to his being compelled to seek new and more elaborate methods of defeating Britain. Had he been in a position to strike us from the air a month earlier, in July, it might have turned out differently. There is no doubt that when the weather broke at the Equinox, we gained our first piece of good luck in that vital department since the war began. The weather conditions of the last month have enabled us to hold the enemy off and to restore communications and cope with the damage caused by the first lightning strokes, as also to make good many gaps in our defences and safety measures. There is no doubt at all that those days in August covered decisive events in the history of Britain, Germany and the world. But when the biographer of Hitler in days to come seeks to put his finger on the vital signposts of *his* road, will he stop here or cast back farther along the plotted itinerary? Until the journey's end is accomplished, we cannot possibly conjecture. Was it perhaps in September, 1938, or before? Was it September, 1939, or was it the pact with Russia? Was it the invasion of Denmark and Norway—the latter a very decisive event in the history of sea-power—or the invasion of the Low Countries—already proving a bitter thorn in his pillow—or the armistice terms with France? We see through a glass darkly. Ten years hence, perhaps, we shall be able to put forward views based on knowledge and reason.

BOMBING OF CIVILIANS.

—It is not easy to find in a thing of deadly evil a single good feature. Nevertheless, it is possible, taking a long view, to find one bright spot in the dark horror of bombing from the air. In no war before 1939 was it possible to prevent a certain number of individuals whose country was engaged in war from "getting a kick" out of war. People too old or otherwise kept out of the firing line, if they had no near relations or dear friends in danger, have always been found in previous wars to derive a certain horrible thrill from the sensations of each day's newspapers, the war bulletins, the victories and the failures, the "ungumming" of those who failed, the promotions and changes in the Government and fighting services. Until the horrors and privations of war and its terrors touched them personally, such unconscious ghouls have always existed hitherto. To-day their number is enormously reduced, whether it is theirs to move actual pieces on the chequer board of war or merely to sit as spectators of the grim game. For there is no sitting back in security for anybody to-day. The sword of Damocles hangs over every head, and its presence above us not only prevents any sense of personal security but prevents any of those baser feelings which a sense of security engenders. This reflection came to me as I was re-reading Repington's diary of the late war. It is an unpleasant book, for it revealed the existence of a crowd of fashionables, among whom he regarded himself as an oracle, who definitely "got a kick" out of the war and their various war activities, and found in war-mongering and political gossip and festive occasions an existence more stimulating than life in peace-time. It is a grisly truth to which it is foolish to pretend blindness. To-day that is impossible. There is no security beside any hearth in the long winter evenings. Any moment to any individual, death may crash through the egg-shell roof. It is a grim thought, but, it seems to me, having regard to the point I have just made, it is a comforting thought. This is the first war in history which has killed the possibility that war could be (unconsciously perhaps) stimulating to any individual whose country is engaged in war, and this war will do more to outlaw war than any other. And it may be that, when those panders of Mussolini, Gayda and Ansaldo, have heard the bombs whistle down near them, they, too, may modify their vile incitements to the "glorious gamble" of war. It is those who know least what war really means who speak most lightly and easily of it.

CAPES FOR THE HOME GUARD: The War Office has just announced that 500,000 capes are to be delivered for issue to the Home Guard before the end of the year. The cape, as seen above, is of knee length and made of the same material as the military battle dress, but is half-lined for warmth and shower-proofed for wet weather conditions. The cape is being made in three sizes

H.G.—COMMON SENSE AT LAST.

—At the end of October a notable event occurred in the history of the Home Guard. For the first time in its history someone publicly voiced some common sense about that great force's organisation, circumstances and sphere of activity. This pioneering and privilege was reserved to Sir George Schuster, M.P., who set down clearly the points which have been pricking platoon commanders since May, 1940. There is of course every (or at least some) justification for the vaguely coloured pronouncements of Ministers and War Office chiefs. Their task is to encourage, flatter and praise in general terms the patriotism and activity of the Force, with an eye always on its propaganda value, and an eye on recruitment. Everything in the garden is lovely and the buds are all turning into blooms. That is all very well. But flattery and promises are not enough for those who must work out the elaborate and divergent and diverse details which flow down to them from a dozen springs. The Force has made great progress in spite of the chronic muddled-thinking which prevents constructive development and training on the right lines this winter. The Home Guard is indeed a force to be reckoned with by the enemy, thanks to the devotion of its volunteers. Because of that, it deserves now to be spared "victimisation by slogan." That victimisation takes many forms. It is "not enough" for the military authorities to snow under with training manuals and printed instructions the overworked few who must ultimately be responsible for getting some training done. It is practical politics, not paper, for which they pray. The chief causes of complaint are:—1. The multiplicity of orders and contradictions from all sorts of sources and the total lack of useful direction. 2. The charter of the Home Guard is based on the proposition that the platoon units will fight and serve under the orders of their local military commander and in their own village system. That basic condition is often disregarded in the claims and demands made by the military commanders of the area, but it is firmly fixed in the minds of the volunteers themselves. 3. The Home Guards' zone commands have not always been sufficiently staunch in presenting to the War Office and military area commanders just what their men can do and may do and will do, as unpaid volunteers engaged all day on work of national importance. 4. It has hitherto failed to penetrate to the military that the bulk of the men are working all day and overtime on work of national importance, and that their duties and training, until invasion takes place, must conform to those conditions. 5. Equally impossible has it been to prove to the authorities that rules laid down for Home Guard units, recruited from and living in towns, cannot apply to and *will not work* with units drawn from scattered village communities. 6. A platoon commander with a call perhaps in one small car, is invited to cope with an organisation and training programme for his men spread over 7 miles of rural deserts, which is based on principles applicable to a regular battalion in barracks having the full-time services of scores of trained regulars, N.C.O.s, staff officers, quartermasters and clerks; and centralised quarters. Nothing really satisfactory can be achieved this winter until the operational role of the Home Guard, as defined by local conditions, is clearly appreciated and adhered to by the zone commander and by the military and all other interests which claim service from the Force, and until the special difficulties and differences which obtain in rural areas are appreciated.

THE OLD STAGER

THE ARMY TRAINS TO INVADE THE ENEMY'S COASTS—MEN OF THE LONDON IRISH LEARNING INVASION TACTICS DURING TRAINING: This spot has already been "taken": these men—marching upwards to the cliffs to the lilt of the bagpipes—are reinforcements, to consolidate the newly-won position. The boats in which they arrived have been left amongst the rocks at the water's edge

A BRITISH TANK TAKES THE OFFENSIVE—BATTERING THROUGH A SUBSTANTIAL BRICK WALL IN ITS ADVANCE: Another picture (this time from the Northern Area) which shows welcome indications of the growing offensive spirit as now being exhibited throughout the British Army

SCRAMBLING TO ATTACK "ENEMY" POSITIONS ON THE CLIFF SUMMIT: Note the proportion of Bren guns being carried upwards by the attackers

RUSHING UP FROM THE BEACH, THE MEN CLAMBER QUICKLY UP THE CLIFF IN SINGLE FILE: The leader of the party, it will be noticed, is carrying a sub-machine-gun and small mortar

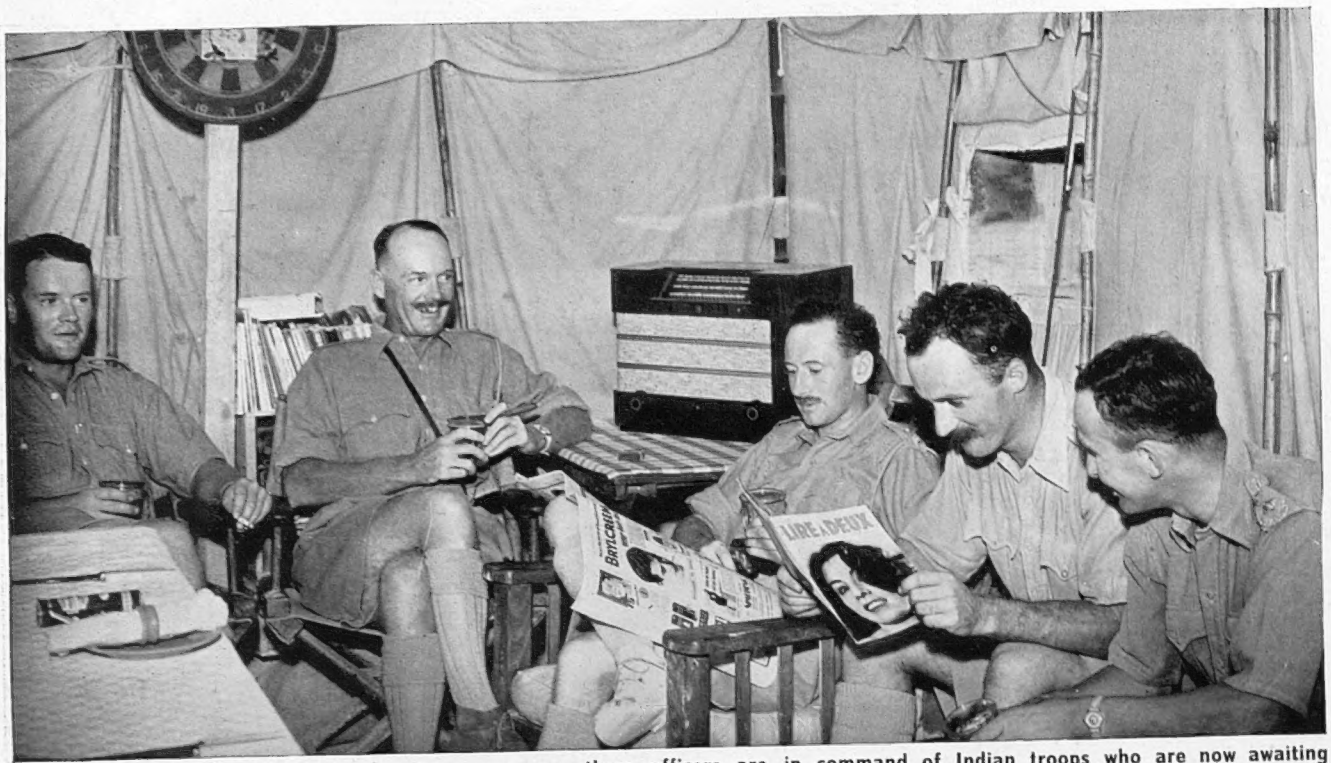
PREPARING FOR THE ATTACK

Invasion Methods Being Rehearsed Along the British Coast

These pictures will doubtless prove very refreshing to our readers—demonstrating as they do a revival of the aggressive spirit in the Army. Now that the theory of Defence is giving place to other ideas, it is good to see instruction being given in methods of attack—ready for the time when *we*, instead of the enemy, will be talking of invasion. These pictures were taken recently in the Western Command and show men of the London Irish rehearsing shock tactics along the coast

With the INDIAN DIVISION in the WESTERN DESERT

New Official Pictures from the Libyan Front, where Troops from India are now in Action



THE OFFICERS' MESS: Established in a large marquee, these officers are in command of Indian troops who are now awaiting the Italian offensive in the Western Desert of Egypt: So far Marshal Graziani has halted his advance, presumably to await the result of the fighting in Albania and Greece. The defending British forces are reported to be ready for any attack which the Italians might decide to launch along the difficult coast road to Alexandria

A COMPANY OFFICE IN THE DESERT: Headquarters of an Indian infantry battalion (complete with native mascot in the foreground !)

HOW THE ITALIANS MOVE IN THE DESERT: Mobile units, composed of Colonial and Italian troops, described as pushing on to Sidi Barrani, their "objective in the push towards the Suez Canal"

ITALIAN TANKS IN THE "PUSH TOWARDS SUEZ": "After having been stalled in Sidi Barrani for some time," states the caption, "Italian flying columns are said to have pushed 20 miles Eastwards towards Mersa Matruh"

DE GAULLE AT DAKAR AND AT DUALA

ARRIVAL AT DAKAR: A launch, flying General de Gaulle's tricolour and carrying his Envoy, off to meet the French Governor-General

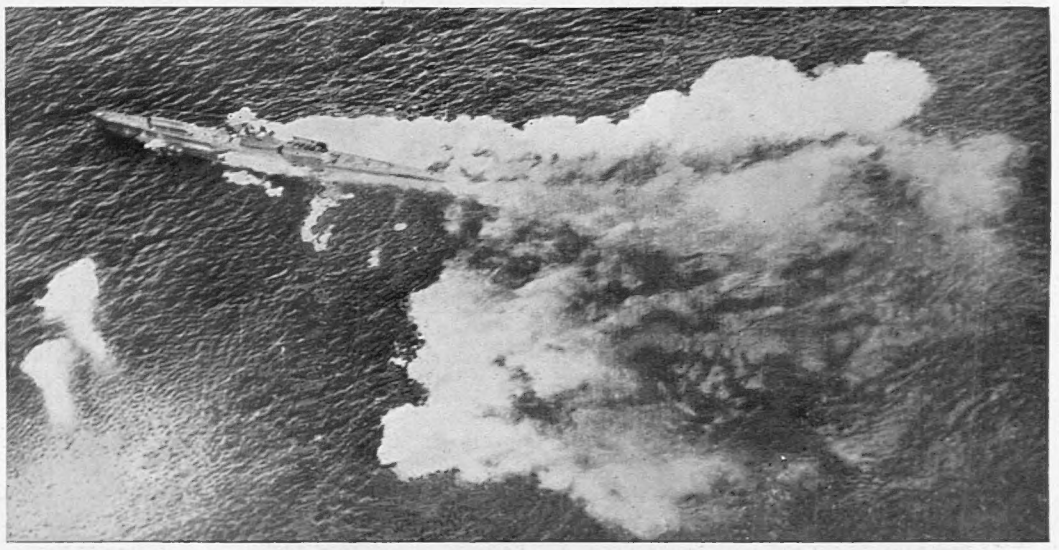
NERAL GIVES UP: With his officers, General de Gaulle ides not to cause bloodshed by fighting against his compatriots at Dakar

ARR AT DUALA: Casualties from the Dakar incident being carried ashore at Duala, where the General was received with open arms

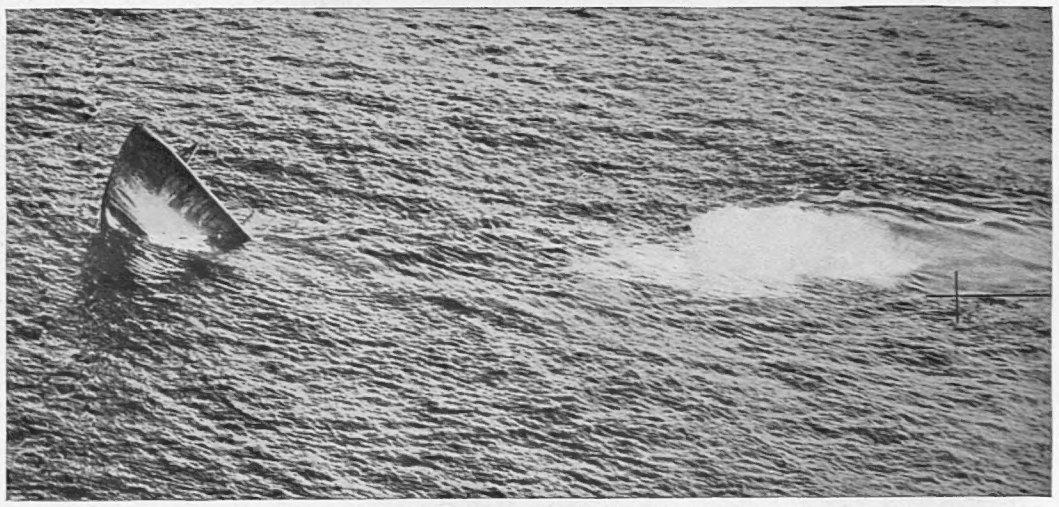
DUALA RECEIVES DE GAULLE: A view showing the General inspecting native troops on landing

These pictures were taken by a British Paramount News cameraman attached to the Free French Expedition; they portray the drama of General de Gaulle's visit to Dakar and, later, to Duala. It was on the morning of September 23 that the Free French Fleet, accompanied by units of the British Navy, arrived off the entrance to Dakar Harbour: General de Gaulle sent off intermediaries—Captains Porgendieu and Perrin—and a party of officers prepared to meet Government officials loyal to Vichy in an effort to persuade them that the cause of France was not lost. After the decision to abandon Dakar, General de Gaulle then decided to go farther south to Duala. Here, in complete contrast, he was received with open arms, and the French authorities declared their complete adherence to the General's cause

THE SUBMARINE IS FORCED TO THE SURFACE: As she comes up, a bomb dropped by the R.A.F. flying-boat just misses the vessel, falling only a few yards away



THE SUBMARINE ON THE SURFACE: Immediately the Italian crew, with all possible haste, rushed up on deck and threw themselves into the sea

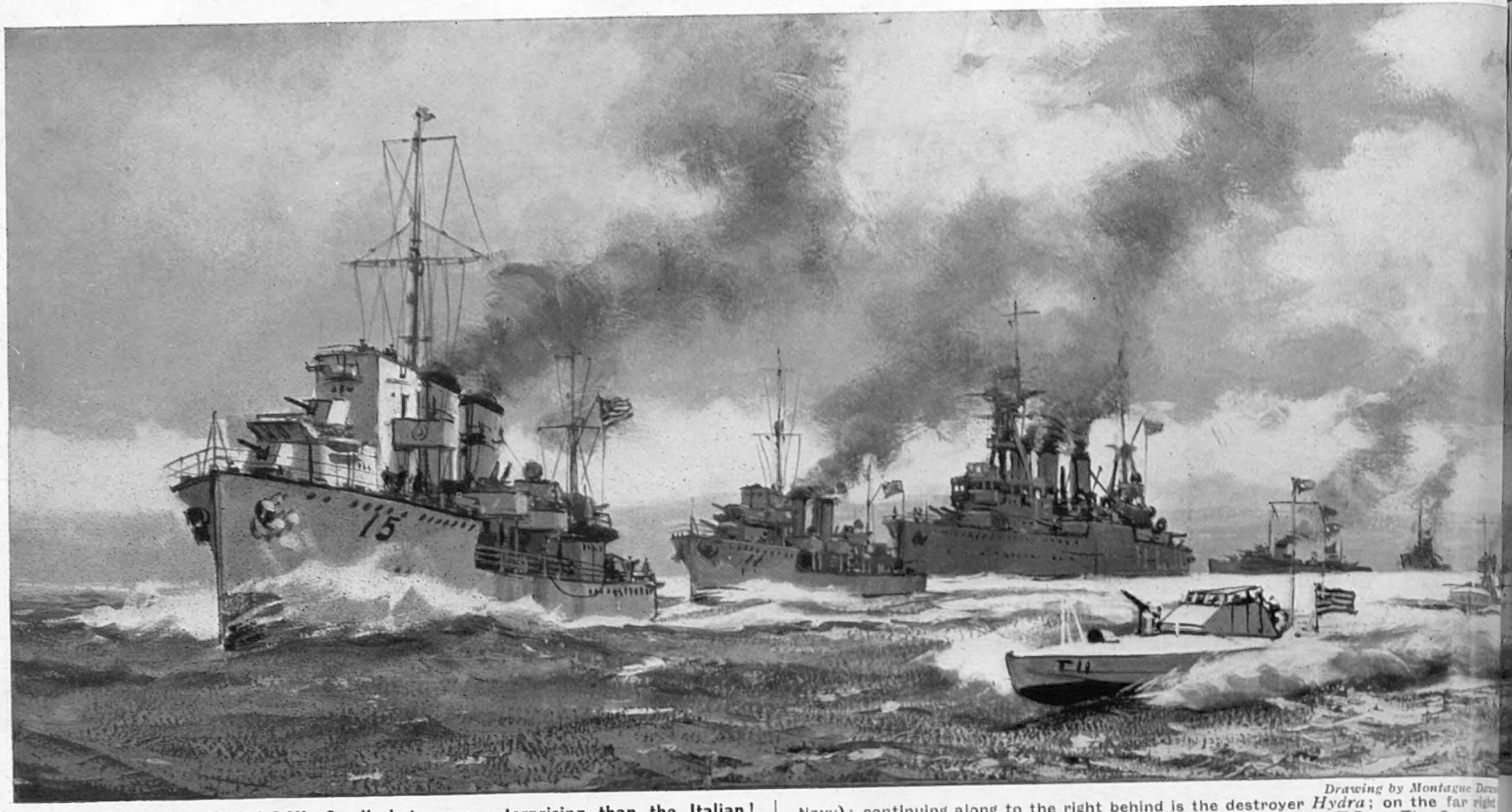


THE END OF YET ANOTHER ITALIAN SUBMARINE: She settled by the stern; shelled by the British destroyer and bombed from the air. Only her bows remain before the final plunge

THE END OF AN ITALIAN SUBMARINE

For hours an Italian submarine was shadowed by a British destroyer in the Central Mediterranean. Depth-charges were dropped repeatedly; the submarine struggled on, but eventually conditions became so bad that she had to blow her tanks and surface. The hunt was over: there only remained the kill. An R.A.F. flying-boat was overhead and took these remarkable pictures. The British destroyer, having claimed her victim, stood by to rescue the crew. In the picture on the right, it should be noted that the davits of the destroyer's boat have been swung out and the boat is absent, picking up survivors. Life lines can also be seen from the stern.

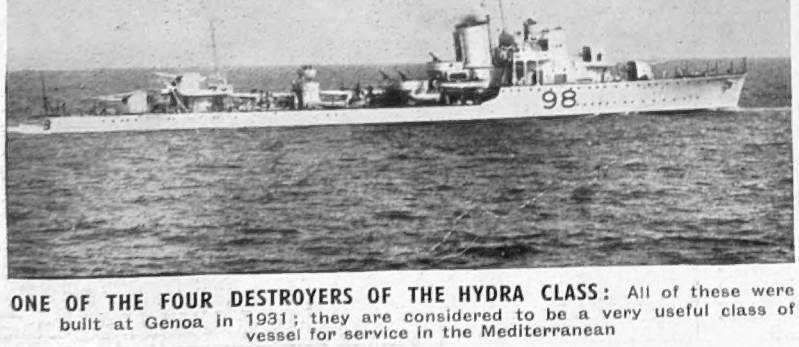
On right—MEMBERS OF THE SUBMARINE CREW SWIMMING TO THE BRITISH SHIP WHERE THEY WERE HAULED ABOARD



Drawing by Montague Dawson

THE GREEK NAVY OF TO-DAY—Small, but more enterprising than the Italian! On the left the destroyer *Vasileus Georgios I*, and behind that the *Vasilissa Olga* (both of 1,350 tons); the cruiser *Georgios Averoff* (the only cruiser in the Greek Navy); continuing along to the right behind is the destroyer *Hydra*; on the far right grouping of submarines and, in the foreground, some of the M.T.B.s. The Greek Navy has already been successfully in action against the Italians

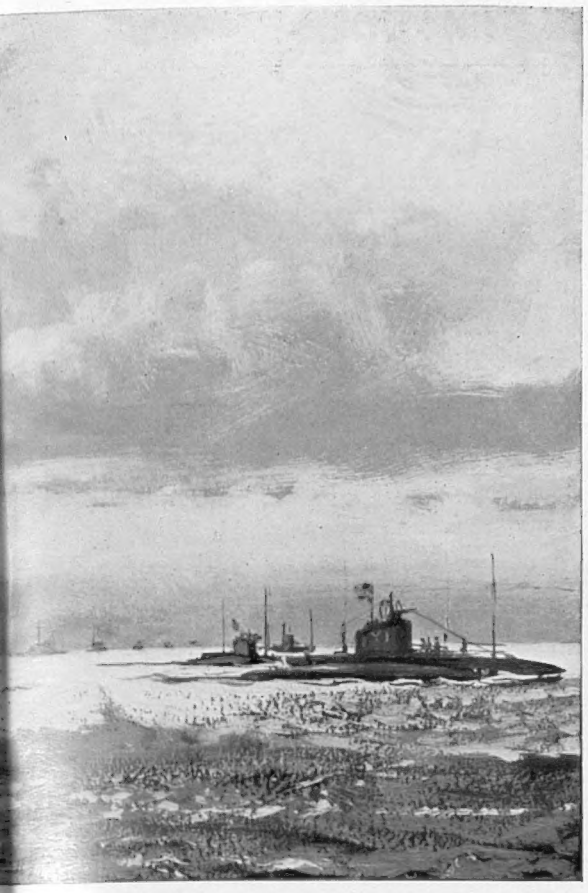
THE CRUISER "GEORGIOS AVEROFF" WHICH COST £950,000—THE GIFT OF A GREEK PATRIOT: Greece's other cruiser, the *Helle*, was sunk by the Italians in 1940 (long before Italy declared war!). *Georgios Averoff* is now the only vessel of her type in the Greek Navy: she was completed in 1910, and survived heavy aerial bombardment during the Greek Revolution some years ago



ONE OF THE FOUR DESTROYERS OF THE HYDRA CLASS: All of these were built at Genoa in 1931; they are considered to be a very useful class of vessel for service in the Mediterranean

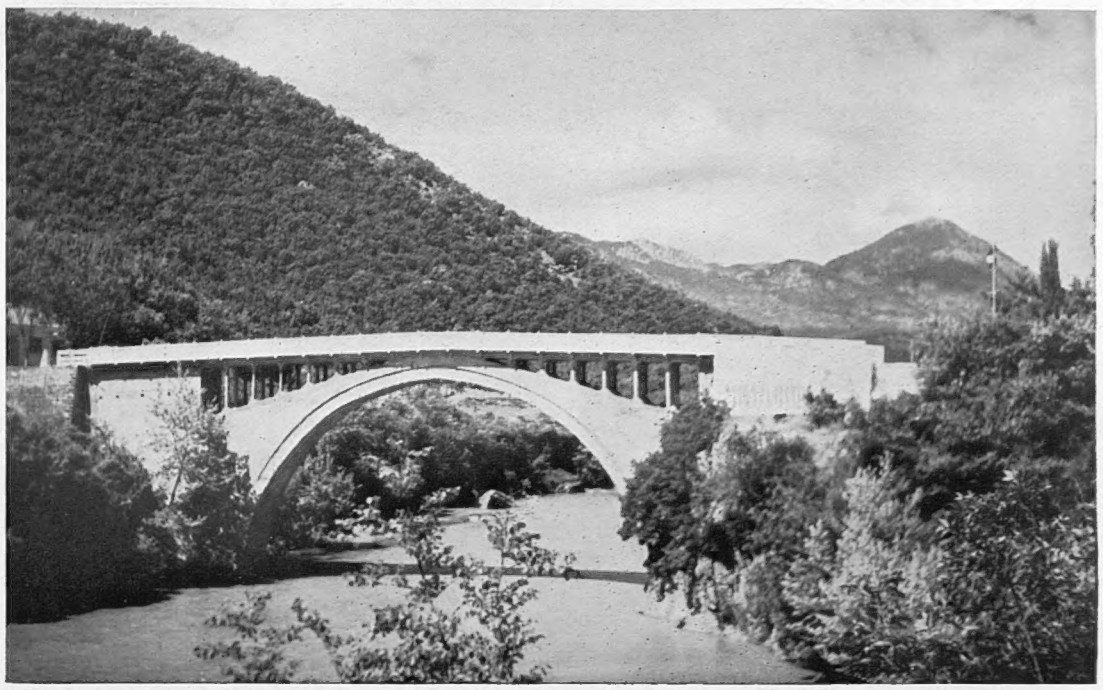
THE GREEK NAVY.—The destroyers *Vasileus Georgios I* and *Vasilissa Olga* of 1,350 tons, similar to the British H class, were delivered in February, 1939, by Messrs. Yarrow of Scotstoun and are the most modern units of the Navy. Armed with four 5-in. guns of German manufacture, four 37-mm. A.A. guns and eight 21-in. torpedo tubes, they have a speed of approximately 36 knots. Two more vessels of this type have been laid down in the Royal Dockyard at Scaramanga but are probably not yet completed. Four ex-British trawlers, forming a combined minelaying and minesweeping unit, and an oiler named *Argo* of 11,715 tons, were all acquired about 1938. Greece has one cruiser, *Georgios Averoff*, built in 1910, her other cruiser, the *Helle*, having been sunk by the Italians in 1940. The four Hydra class destroyers, all built at Genoa in 1931, are a useful class of vessel for service in the Mediterranean. Four Aetos class destroyers (Cammell Laird type), launched in 1911, were reconstructed and re-boilered in England in 1924-25. The refit of these vessels proved so successful that their original speed was exceeded by 2 knots. Four other destroyers, *Thyella, Sphendoni, Aspis* and *Niki*, built about 1905, underwent extensive refits about 1928. There are also four Aigli (1912), two Pergamos (1914), and three Kyzikos (1914) classes of torpedo boats. Greece's six submarines comprise four Glaikos class (Simonot type) and two Katsonis class (Schneider-Laubeuf type) all built about 1927. A further two submarines were to have been ordered in the 1937–40 Construction Programme. In addition to the vessels mentioned, there are four small minelayers, four Thornycroft 55-ft. motor torpedo-boats and one repair ship. The personnel of the Greek Navy amounts to about 6,300.

GREEK WARSHIPS STEAMING IN LINE AHEAD: Whatever the outcome of the Naval war between Greece and Italy, the Greek Navy has not emulated the far stronger Italian Navy by remaining obstinately in harbour behind protecting shore defences

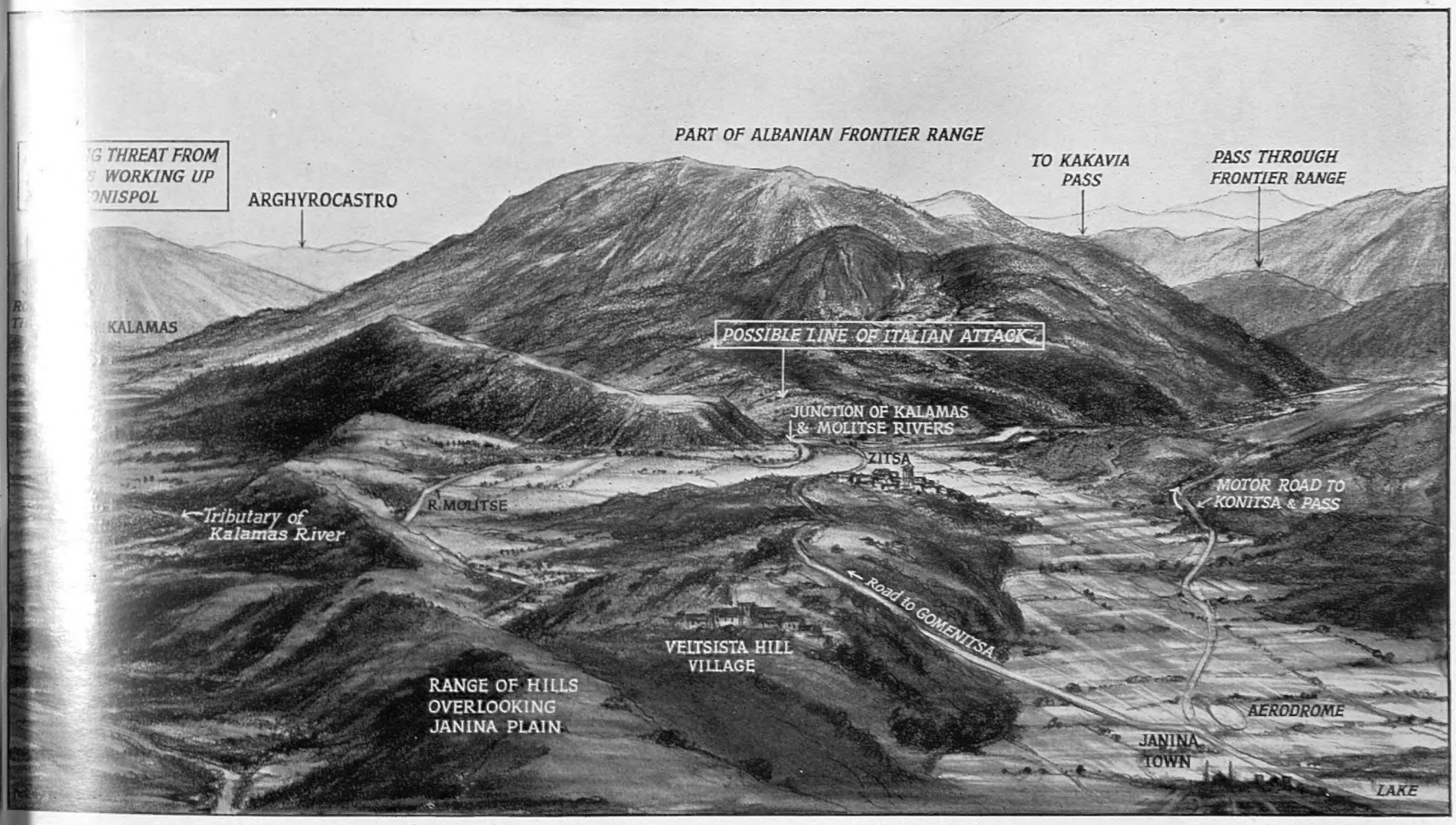


GREECE STANDS UP TO ITALY

And the Greek Navy has been in Action Against the Far Stronger Italian Fleet



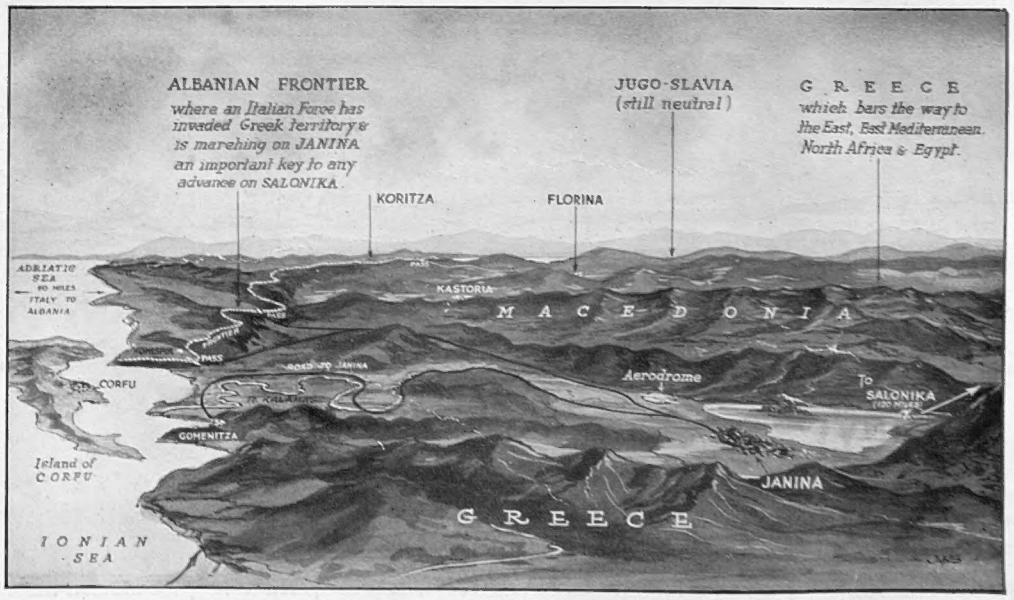
WHERE THE GREEK AND ALBANIAN BORDERS MEET: This is the modern bridge across the Sarantoporus River which divides Greece from the Italian "province" of Albania. On the left is the Albanian frontier post of Perati and on the right the Greek post of Mertzani. This whole region was reported early in 1939 to be in process of fortification after the first Italian troops reached the frontier one week after the occupation of Albania

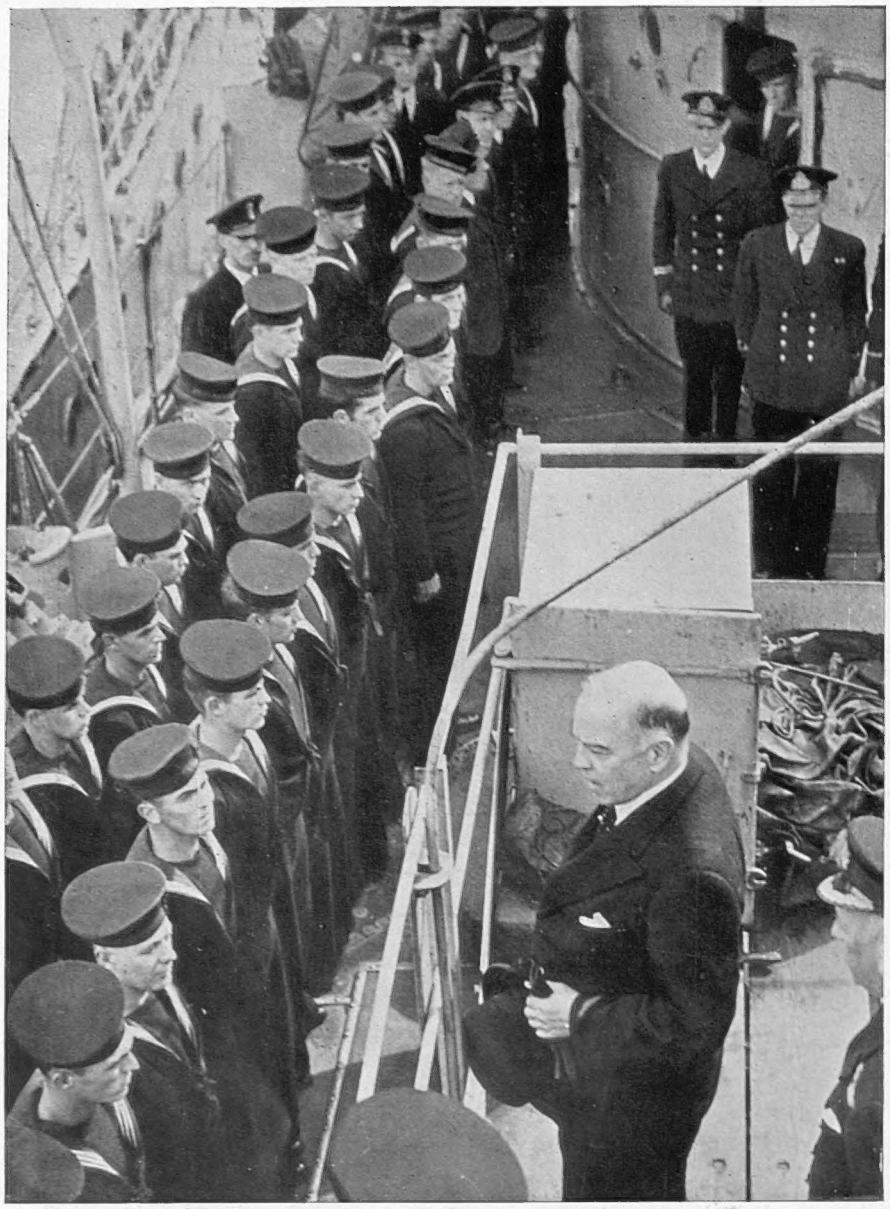


Drawing by Percy Home

THE ROADS LEADING TO JANINA FROM THE SOUTHERNMOST PASS AND THE SEA, SEEN FROM THE HIGH GROUND OVERLOOKING THE VALLEY OF JANINA. *On right*—**A key view showing the general position of Janina in relation to the Ionian sea coast and the Macedonian hills which protect it to the North-East**

The three main passes through the frontier range separating Albania from Greece have all figured in the military news from Greece. It was expected that Italy would attempt to "blitzkrieg" through the passes, but the weather and the nature of the country and the spirit of the Greeks prevented this. When the week opened, it appeared that at the northern (Florina) pass, the Greeks had not only held their own but pressed forward some 3 miles into Albanian territory and had captured Italian officers and men and tanks and were commanding an important road. At the middle pass the position appeared to be static, the Greeks were holding their positions. The eyes of the military correspondents at Salonika and in Ostrov, the nearest newspoint in Jugoslavia, were turned to the southernmost pass and road, for these seemed to be the theatre in which Italy was endeavouring to force a way through to Janina, an important commercial centre in Epirus. Janina lies in a valley by the side of a lake, north of which is the aerodrome with a service to Salonika. Another motor road leads towards the sea—it was on this that the military experts had been concentrating their attention. It crosses some hills and dives down to the valley of the Kalamas River which it follows in its tortuous path towards Gomenitza, opposite Corfu. These two roads are indicated in the bird's-eye view given here, which is taken from above the village of Veltsista, outside Janina. The sea road turns westward at the junction of the Kalamas and Molitze Rivers and follows the river in close proximity.





THE CANADIAN PREMIER ADDRESSES YOUTHFUL "VETERANS": Mr. Mackenzie King, the Canadian Prime Minister, is here seen addressing the crew of a Canadian destroyer who served for three months in the war zone with the Royal Navy and saw plenty of action during that period. Mr. King said, "On the part of Canada as a whole, may I express our appreciation of the part you have played and will continue to play in this struggle. May God bless and protect each one of you." The Prime Minister was on a tour of the Canadian East Coast defences at the time. The destroyer is commanded by Lieutenant-Commander Horatio Nelson Lay, nephew of the Prime Minister

THE GREEK COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

GENERAL ALEXANDER PAPAGOS, Chief of the General Staff of the Greek Army, who has been appointed Commander-in-Chief and entrusted with the defence of his country against the Italians. He has taken part in most of the Greek campaigns—the Balkan Wars of 1912 and 1913 against Turkey and Bulgaria respectively, and in Asia Minor in 1921. He represented the Greek Army in the National Committee which invited King George of Greece to resume his throne in 1935

GERMANY'S AIR LOSSES IN THE LONDON ATTACKS

On pages 175–180 of this issue we publish a special section dealing with the Air Assault on Britain. Shortly after this section had been compiled by our artists and statisticians, the Air Ministry published an account of "Germany's Air Losses in the London Attacks," which bears so closely on this same subject that we publish it here. We ask our readers to read this account—printed below—in conjunction with the special feature published in this issue.—EDITOR.

DURING the past twelve weeks of attack on Great Britain, the German Air Force has lost three aircraft and fourteen airmen for every one of ours.

Since August 8, when the first big air battle was fought around our coasts, fighters, gunners, balloon barrage, and other causes have accounted for 2,433 German bombers and fighters. Of this total, bombers and fighters have been destroyed in almost equal numbers.

But the most severe blow which Fighter Command has dealt to the *Luftwaffe* has been the loss of trained airmen. If we allow the usual number of pilots, observers, and air gunners to the various types destroyed, over 6,000 German airmen have been killed or taken prisoner. Fighter Command has lost only 353 pilots.

The weekly figures reveal a gradual weakening of the German effort in spite of continuously changed tactics. On August 8, three mass dive-bombing attacks were made on shipping convoys and harbours. The Nazis lost 24 of their famous Ju 87 dive-bombers and 36 Me 110 and Me 109 fighters. Seven days later, 1,000 German bombers and protecting fighters launched their biggest attack in the history of air fighting. Their objectives were harbours and R.A.F. aerodromes. At the end of that day the Germans had lost 180 aircraft, and during that one week they lost 472 bombers and fighters, which still remains a record for seven days' fighting.

That week their bomber losses were 234 against 162 of their fighters. Of those 234 bombers, 161 were dive-bombers—Ju 87 and Ju 88. From then onwards the Germans changed their tactics. If we examine the figures from then until the present, it will be seen that the use of the Ju dive-bomber—hitherto claimed to be Germany's most deadly weapon, but quickly mastered by our fighters—has been gradually abandoned.

During the second week in September only two Ju 87's were shot down, and since then they completely disappeared until a recent convoy raid. Even the Ju 88's—the Nazis' newest type—have only been coming over in small numbers. But the more or less complete abandonment of the use of bombers for day raiding did not take place until the end of September.

On September 7 the Germans opened their *Blitzkrieg* on London. They lost 103 aircraft in that battle. On September 15 the *Luftwaffe* made another more desperate attempt to crush Fighter Command defences. But in that attack the Germans lost 185 aircraft, and Fighter Command achieved a new record for a single day's fighting. On September 27 the Germans made one more big effort—their last. They increased the proportion of fighter escort to four to one. But still they lost 133 aircraft, of which ninety-one were fighters.

Because of the high cost of this form of air warfare, the Germans decided to change their tactics. Bombers visiting these shores during the daytime are now few and far between. In their place the Nazis are sending over the high-flying Me 109's, fighters carrying only a small bomb-load.

Fighter Command is now defeating this menace. The German losses have been small compared with the old scale of slaughter. But we have still had our good days. On October 7, fighters shot down twenty-seven, of which twenty-one were Me's, and on October 29, thirty-three were destroyed. Even by sneaking across the coast at a great height—usually 5 or 6 miles—under cover of cloud, only one or two during the day beat the guns and fighters and reach London.

THE FIRST WOMEN TO RECEIVE THE MILITARY MEDAL: Sergeant Joan Mortimer, Corporal Elspeth Candlish-Henderson (now Assistant Section Officer) and Sergeant Helen Emily Turner, all of the W.A.A.F., being congratulated by the Station Commander. The awards have been made for gallantry under fire

CORPORAL ELSPETH CANDLISH-HENDERSON

SERGEANT JOAN EUGENE MORTIMER

SERGEANT HELEN EMILY TURNER

The WAR between ITALY and GREECE

Scenes from the Region Where the First Clashes in the Campaign Have Taken Place

WHERE ITALIAN TROOPS CONCENTRATED: Argyrokastro is a small town lying high up on the hills a few miles away from the frontier. It is only approachable by the road from Santa Quarante, opposite northern Corfu. There is a sharp, left-hand turn to Argyrokastro; a turn to the right takes one to the first pass at Kakovia

WHERE THE ITALIANS ATTACKED ON THE MOUNTAIN PASSES LEADING INTO GREECE

There are three motor-road passes over the frontier from Albania, and three only. They are at Kakovia, Leskoriki and Krystallopighi. The intervening areas are stated to be quite impenetrable. The tangled mass of mountains extends eastward towards Salonika and is penetrated by only one of the mountain highways, which branches off through Florina in one direction and Kozani in another. The direct route eastward is through Edessa and Yanitza. At Florina there is a railway to the port, which skirts the plain of the Vardar River

ITALY has at last forced war upon Greece, presenting an ultimatum on October 28, in which she demanded free passage for her troops and the holding of certain strategic bases for the duration of the war. General Metaxas took this as a declaration of war, and there was immediate action on the Albanian frontier.

The Italians, reported to have ten divisions, made their opening moves towards and through the only possible entrances across the mountainous frontier. The initial operations of the opening days were of very local character, though the use of the Bersaglieri and the huge forces massed on the frontier show that, as usual, the Italians are trusting to numbers.

(Continued on following page)

THE ROCK-BOUND LAND OF THE GREEKS VIEWED FROM THE SOUTH-WEST, SHOWING SOME OF THE STRATEGIC POINTS

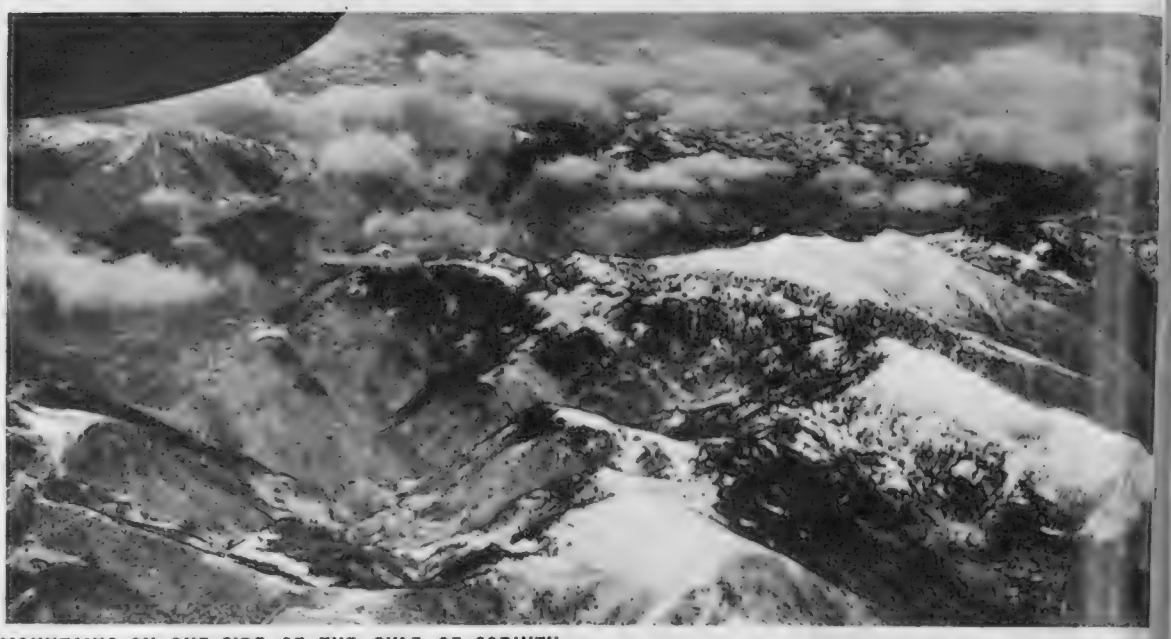
The main western portion of historic Greece is cut in two by the Gulf of Corinth and the Gulf of Athens. The lower portion is the Peloponnesus. This part of Greece contains not only the famous classic sites of Delphi, Corinth and Sparta but also the chief commercial port of Greece, Patras exports the fruits of the country together with cotton, hides and wax. Crossing the isthmus of Corinth one enters a still more famous district. Athens, with its marvellous treasures of architecture, lies close at hand; northward lies Thessalia, backed by the mountainous region of Macedonia. The mainland is surrounded by the Sporades and the Cyclades, two groups of picturesque rocky islands which are inhabited by sturdy fishermen who provide the Greek Navy with a virile type of seaman

The WAR Between ITALY and GREECE: Danger

THE PICTURESQUE FRONTAGE OF CORFU TOWN AND HARBOUR WHICH LIES ON THE WESTERN FLANK OF THE AREA OF CONFLICT BETWEEN GREECE AND ITALY

Corfu stretches along the eastern shore of the island, behind which—on the mainland—rise the rugged masses of the Albanian hills. The water supply, as well as certain other features of the town, are due to the influence of a former

WHERE ITALIAN SUPPLY SHIPS WERE OBSERVED OFF THE ALBANIAN COAST: Corfu was at first mentioned as an arena of fighting, but this was premature. What was observed was the gathering of a number of Italian transports at Santa Quarante, the small port opposite Corfu. The purpose was evident: for from the port there winds up a steep road to the nearest pass through the Albanian frontier to Greece. Janina, shown on the above map, is one of the largest and most important towns in western Greece



MOUNTAINS ON ONE SIDE OF THE GULF OF CORINTH: This air view, taken during a peace-time journey in an Imperial Airways plane bound from Brindisi to Athens, shows in very convincing fashion what a military campaign would entail in this part of Greece. And the large proportion of the country is just as hilly. Vegetation climbs up the valleys as best it can, but a spacious meadow which might provide a landing ground for planes is a rarity

INSIDE THE WALLED CITY OF JANINA: Once a famous city under Ali Pasha a hundred years ago, Janina (or Yanina or Jannina) is still a busy thriving commercial city with many churches and mosques attesting its former splendours

MITYLENE IS HELD TO BE A STRATEGIC POINT: The island (the ancient Lestros) lies level with the northern Sporades and close to the Turkish shore, which can be seen in the distance in the above view. The island possesses a medieval castle and two ... bours of ancient construction. In its great days Mitylene became the home of some of the most famous Greek poets

THE COMMERCIAL CENTRE OF GREECE BOMBED: One of the first operations of the war was the bombing by the Italians, of Patras, the flourishing port near the mouth of the Gulf of Corinth. The town is divided into upper and lower sections; in the centre of the former is the Venetian castle standing on old Greek foundations. There are remains of a Roman aqueduct ... the town. St. Andrew, who later became the patron ... of Scotland, was martyred at this picturesque ... centuries ago

(Continued from preceding page)

An advance is also reported to have taken place along the coastal road opposite the central portion of Corfu; the first reports that clashes had taken place between the British and Italian forces on the Isle of Corfu prove to be unfounded.

It was clear that the Italian forces were, during these first days, not attempting any forward motorised dash, such as characterised the German

Points at which Action is Likely to Develop

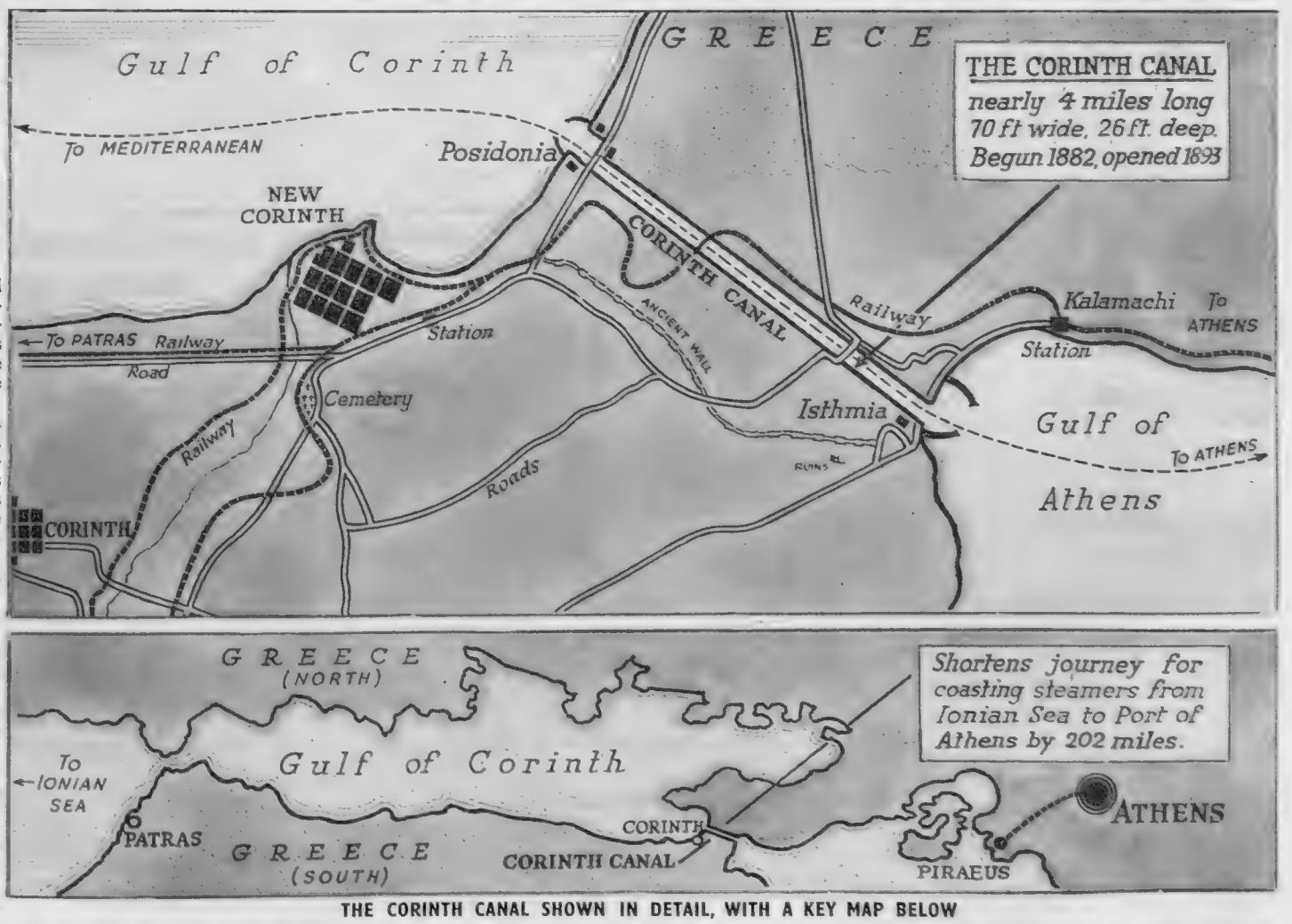
British Governor. Jutting out on a promontory is the old castle, the Fortezza Vecchia, which provides one of the best viewpoints. In times of peace, yachts ride off the quays of Corfu, for there is excellent sport to be had at Santa Quarante, just across the water on the Albanian shore. The whole island is very fertile, the vegetation being profuse and beautiful. The Kaiser had an estate here, full of statuary and terraces in the Imperial style

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE CORINTH CANAL: The view is taken from the Gulf of Corinth end of the Canal and shows the flattish country immediately surrounding the Isthmus. There are no locks, and the sea flows in and out without hindrance. The cutting of the Canal separated the Peloponnesus from the mainland containing Athens, to which it provided a short cut to the home of the Spartans

THE CORINTH CANAL, CUT THROUGH SOLID ROCK FOR FOUR MILES: The canal, which is 70 ft. wide, can and does take fairly big ships, as well as smaller vessels engaged in Eastern Mediterranean trade. Tufts of vegetation have grown again on the almost vertical sides. The canal is crossed by a single railway bridge

invasion of Poland and France. More cautious tactics appear to be evident—such a proceeding perhaps would hardly be possible in a country so favourable to the sharpshooter.

The whole Greek nation is behind the King and General Metaxas in resistance to Italy. Athens has witnessed great scenes of enthusiasm, cheering the King and the British Minister, Sir Charles Palairet; and rising to great heights when twenty British airmen were released from internment and carried, shoulder high, through the streets. The black-out of the city was immediately ordered, and in spite of the suddenness of the declaration of war, has been very well done. Messages have been sent from King George to his cousin, King George of Greece, and the Greek people, stating "We are with you in this struggle, your cause is our cause," and from Mr. Churchill to General Metaxas stating, "We will give you all the help in our power."



THE CORINTH CANAL SHOWN IN DETAIL, WITH A KEY MAP BELOW

The Corinth Canal was a somewhat unusual operation in canal making. It was a straight cut as if made with some gigantic knife aided by a ruler. The steep sides exhibit the various strata through which the cut was made. At the water level the cutting is lined with masonry. Above, the rock is hard enough to stand without any extraneous aids. The Canal was begun in 1882 and opened eleven years later

WHERE THE FIRST TWO FRONTIER PUSHES OF THE ITALIANS TOOK PLACE: The first moves of the Italian troops against Greece were made by way of two of the Albanian passes and apparently along an inferior coast road level with Corfu, the chief pressure being to the North and to the South of the frontier line. Transports were observed at Santa Quarante; heavy seas were reported to be running off the Albanian coast. Away from these motor-road passes the mountains present very serious obstacles to any massed advance. No naval operations were recorded. The strategic positions of Crete and Mitylene were discussed

GREECE at WAR

The Difficult Terrain Confronting the Italian Invaders

Described by

A. BEEBY THOMPSON

Who Is Familiar With the Passes, Roads, Towns and Villages in this Mountainous Area

EPIRUS is one of the most beautiful parts of Greece and its relative inaccessibility and mountainous character has resulted in the undisturbed preservation of much of its quaint Turkish character. Until the advent of the motor-car and aeroplane, its capital, Janina, was generally approached from Piræus by boat via the Corinth Canal to one of the Ionian ports. To-day aeroplanes regularly perform the journey between Athens and Janina in three hours by direct flight over the mountains of Attica and the Gulf of Arta to the aerodrome on the meadows stretching North-west of the Lake of Janina.

Old Janina is a picturesque walled city in which the citadel was once the residence of the famous but tyrannical Governor, Ali Pasha, who virtually ruled Albania in defiance of the Sultan at Constantinople. The town has expanded far beyond the limits of the thick, high city walls, and modern residences, hotels, shops, banks and cinemas mark the outskirts far beyond the limits of the congested Turkish quarter. Janina has for years been an important military centre, with large barracks to quarter the many troops and conscripts who are stationed within easy reach of the dangerous Albanian frontier.

Under the old town walls on the lake side is a promenade shaded by plane trees where the populace collect in the summer and indulge in refreshments at the many cafés which exist. Here also the drinking water for the town is landed from boats which bring it in barrels from springs on the far side of the lake.

Epirus, like so much of Greece, is a rugged mountainous region with ranges running in a general north-south direction. The whole country has been subjected to violent earth movements within recent —geographically speaking—times, and afterwards subjected to intensive denudation by atmospheric agencies. Due to the occurrence of inter-bedded soft clays and hard limestones, the country is particularly vulnerable to erosion, with the result that deep steep valleys have been gouged by torrents between the mountain ranges, thereby imposing a maximum of obstacles to cross-country communications. This combination of soft and hard beds has favoured the growth of plant life so that many of the peaks are thickly timbered or overgrown with scrub. Chestnut, oak, and plane trees abound on the hillsides, and the valleys are thickly lined with shady plane trees.

Road making in such country has proved an expensive undertaking, as routes are forced to follow the sides of valleys and contour steep mountain sides when surmounting watersheds or crossing ranges. Deep side-cuttings and the bridging of numerous gullies and tributary streams make road construction not only a very expensive undertaking but involve also most costly maintenance due to frequent landslides when rains fall. Except for a few main roads connecting strategic points, little has been done to improve communications between the many villages and townships which are scattered about the hills. A few tracks have been graded and drained, but generally the villages are only approached by narrow winding tracks or bridle paths along which wheeled vehicles could not pass. Many of these trails zig-zag up precipitous rocky slopes, others meander about the course of gullies subject to flows of water in wet weather. Some of the larger villages have been built on a flat terrace, but more often the houses are built on the edge of a slope in tiers.

The peasants themselves live a primitive existence and are content with a very frugal fare, but their houses are generally well constructed of stone and roofed with red brick tiles harmonising pleasantly with the countryside. No village is without its village green where, under the shade of a carefully preserved large plane tree, the populace indulge in their simple pleasures.

The main road from Janina to Albania, after emerging from the plain of the lake, contours the western side of the rocky mass of Michekeli and after rising for some miles it descends into the depression in which rises the Kalames river. Enormous springs of crystal clear water gush from the foot of limestone scarps and combine to form the Kalames which ultimately reaches the sea in the Gulf of Gomenitsa. This river has cut so deeply into the sediments that in one place it traverses a magnificent gorge about which calcareous tufa has been precipitated by the lime-impregnated waters so thickly as to form a natural bridge over which travellers and animals can pass.

Near the foot of the pass forming the watershed is the beautiful little lake of Zerovina, above which near Delvinake is the divide, with roads branching off both eastwards and westwards.

The descent on the north side of the watershed into Albania is very steep and the road winds and twists amidst beautiful wooded country. This secluded pass was always a favourite resort of bandits, and it was hereabouts that an Italian subject was killed and the incident became the excuse for the Naval attack and subsequent occupation of Corfu by the Italians after the last war.

This good and well-cared-for road will be one of the main lines of attempted advance by the Italians to Janina. Only a few miles within Albanian territory where the road descends to a broad valley is found the important town of Argiocastro where the Italians have been concentrating their forces for some time.

From this strategic spot roads run to Valona and to Berat (or Berato), the latter following the course of the river which has gouged a lovely winding gorge through the high ridge separating two parallel valleys, before running northwards to Valona from Tepeleni. This road to Berat penetrates some very difficult country, and in crossing one mountain there are more than a dozen hairpin bends.

In the winter, snow covers all the ridges and imposes great difficulties on an invading army. A little demolition work would render many of the main roads unusable for some time. Landing places for aeroplanes are almost non-existent except in prepared localities.

The coastal road from Valona to Santa Quarante also follows a rocky and much indented coastline and is subject to landslides and washouts by torrents which descend from the hills in the rainy weather.

TWO TYPICAL EXAMPLES OF THE DIFFICULT GOING IN EPIRUS WHERE MULES AND HORSES MUST BE USED IN PLACE OF CARS

These two pictures were taken by Mr. Beeby Thompson on the occasion of a recent visit to various parts of Epirus. All other roads, after one has left one of the trunk motor routes, necessitate the use of mules or horses. The view on the left shows a typical rock-strewn road through the small town of Zitsa; the other a rickety bridge over the Kalames river near Mazaraki. One side of the bridge masonry is cracked through. Any invading force would have to bring its own bridges with it

RESCUED BY ONE OF THE U.S. DESTROYERS

A Dramatic Incident When Officers and Men of the R.A.F. Were Rescued in the Atlantic—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*

A few days ago, it was revealed that one of the "over-age" U.S. destroyers transferred to the Royal Navy had effected a dramatic rescue during the crossing to this country. During a gale an R.A.F. float was sighted, tossing hither and thither on the rough seas. After the officers and men had been rescued it was learned that they had been afloat in their rubber craft for 25 hours. They had almost given up when they were sighted by the destroyer. This drawing by Mr. Dawson is a reconstruction of the scene: it shows incidentally the very fine lines of these latest additions to our destroyer strength

A WAR-TIME OPERATION AT SEA

Salvaging a Damaged Trawler

—Drawing by Montague Dawson

A helpless ship of any size is a very difficult tow, even in calm weather; if her rudder is jammed to one side or the other, as is often the case, it is impossible to do any good until a second ship makes fast astern and acts as a rudder by forcibly hauling her round. The first thing to be done is to establish communication. The tow rope generally consists of the thickest steel wire, but no wire ever made will stand the shock of two big ships drawing apart if it is taut. Some means must therefore be found to give it spring and elasticity. Specially equipped tugs carry a very thick hemp cable to make part of the tow rope, and it will stretch until it is much less than half its normal thickness before it parts. Ordinary merchant ships do not carry any hemp thicker than is essential for mooring purposes, so that the necessary spring is usually obtained by shackling the end of the wire rope on to the salved ship's anchor cable, which by its weight will carry it down into the water and prevent it drawing absolutely taut. The next problem is where to make the tow rope fast on board the towing ship which, without the assistance of the towing hook fitted in just the right place in a tug, with no obstructions astern of it to be swept away by the tow rope, is generally passed round the after deckhouse which contains the steering engine; this takes up a good deal of the length of the tow rope and demands special precautions lest it should chafe at the corners of the deckhouse and break

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THE WAR IN EAST AFRICA

Three Pictures from the Kenya Fighting Area

DUG-OUTS ARE STILL BEING USED ON THE NORTHERN FRONTIER OF KENYA: This picture comes from East Africa, where the fighting line is being held by troops from South Africa. The officers' mess, situated in a dug-out, is not more than a quarter of a mile from the actual line. On the right are COLONEL DAN PIENAAR, a South African Brigade Commander, and LIEUT.-GENERAL D. P. DICKINSON, General Officer Commanding the East African Force. The Empire may have undergone changes in its constitution since the end of the last war, but none of them has made the slightest difference to the determination of the Dominions to stand by the Mother Country in this war. The Dominions are putting all they can into the common effort, and these pictures show a little of what South Africa is doing out in Kenya

SOUTH AFRICAN FORCES TREKKING THROUGH THE SUB-TROPICAL COUNTRY OF EAST AFRICA: In this area the line against the Italians is held by troops who have come up from South Africa. This picture was taken near the end of a 17-miles trek through Kenya by a battalion of Springboks. The training of South African troops is rigorous and, despite the climate, these fine men are all exceptionally fit

THE AIR ASSAULT ON BRITAIN

How the German Tactics have Changed from Week to Week, and How the Threat of Aerial Subjugation has been Met and Countered by the Royal Air Force

A Full and Authoritative Exposition by PETER MASEFIELD, M.A., A.F.R.Ae.S. (Technical Editor of "The Aeroplane"): Explained and Illustrated by Special Diagrams and Drawings

SINCE the German Air Force began the main attack on Great Britain nearly three months ago, on August 11, the enemy has chopped and changed his tactics many times in an effort to beat down the Royal Air Force and penetrate our defences.

In all its previous campaigns the *Luftwaffe* had smashed all opposition by the very weight of its attack. In Poland, in Holland, and in France the massed formations of the German bombers carried everything before them. The German High Command believed that the same tactics would batter down our defences and open the way for invasion. In that belief they reckoned without the Fighter Command of the R.A.F.

First in big waves almost unescorted, then in even bigger waves with steadily increasing escorts, the German bombers were hounded on to the attack. The losses were colossal. From August 11 to October 5 the enemy lost nearly 1,200 bombers, 1,000 fighters and 5,200 men, compared with the British losses of 600 fighters and 300 men in repelling the attacks. Then it was that the *Luftwaffe* acknowledged its defeat—its failure to smash the R.A.F.—and turned over to the new tactics of the fighter-bomber to upset morale. In acknowledging that defeat the enemy turned over to its serious bombing by night and left the daylight hours to the fast bomb-carrying fighter on its errands of tip and run.

The gradual development of the German attack on Great Britain since the fall of France can be seen by a careful analysis of the air war.

For some weeks after the French surrender, the *Luftwaffe* was engaged in the preparation and consolidation of its new bases along the Channel coast—a process severely hampered by our bombers. The first stage of the attack began on July 8 in a series of attacks on shipping in the Channel. The battle of the blockade raged for a month over the Channel and the Channel ports, culminating in a great attack on shipping on August 8 when the *Luftwaffe* lost sixty aeroplanes to the sixteen of the R.A.F.

The first great attack on Great Britain itself began on August 11. Some 400 enemy aeroplanes began the assault against Dover and Portland. That day sixty-seven German aeroplanes were lost. Thereafter the attacks developed against British fighter aerodromes along the South Coast in an effort to knock out the R.A.F. By the end of that first week the German Air Force had lost 495 aeroplanes—281 bombers and 214 fighters. The R.A.F. lost 115 fighters.

The battle continued in the following weeks, as everyone will remember. It crept slowly inland until in early September the first serious raid was made against London in a mass attack on the docks. During all this time the R.A.F. slowly gained a mastery over the German Air Force and by the beginning of October had consolidated a victory which few then realised. The peaks of achievement in the gaining of that victory were marked by three days of outstanding success amid weeks of triumph. On August 15 the R.A.F. shot down 181 enemy aeroplanes

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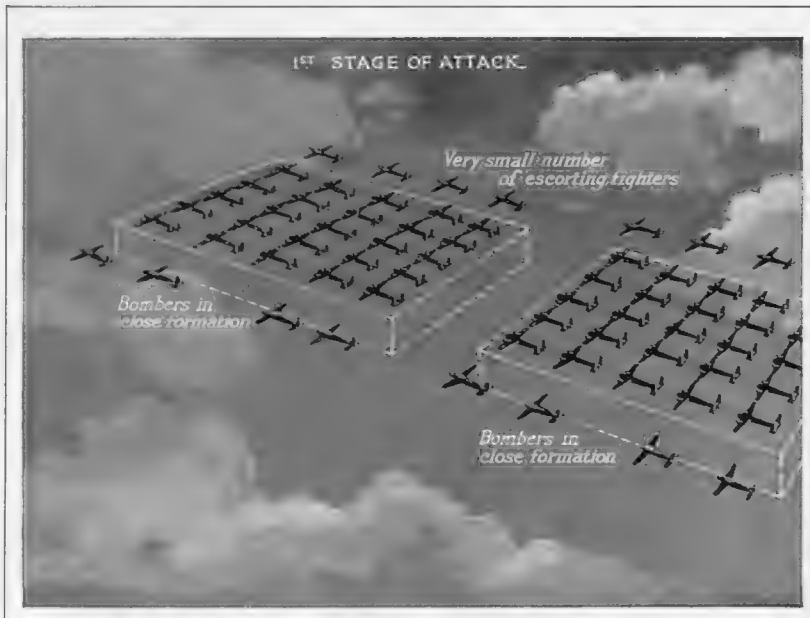
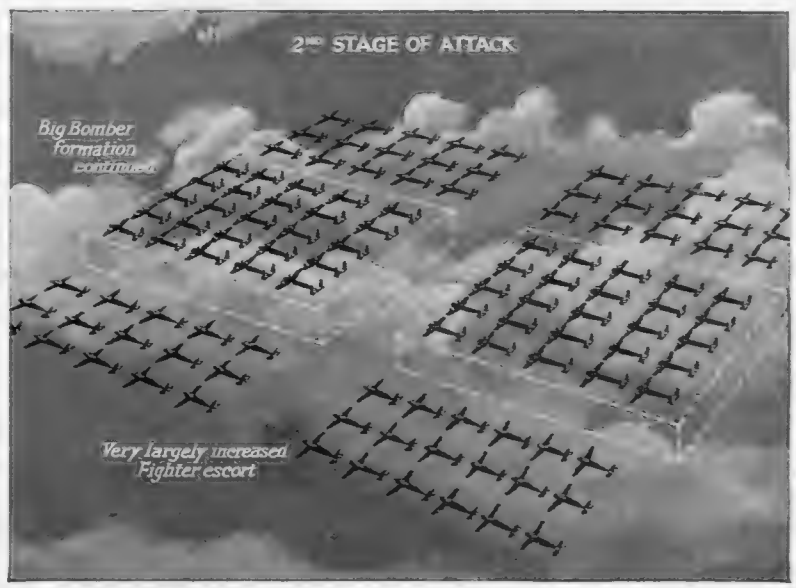
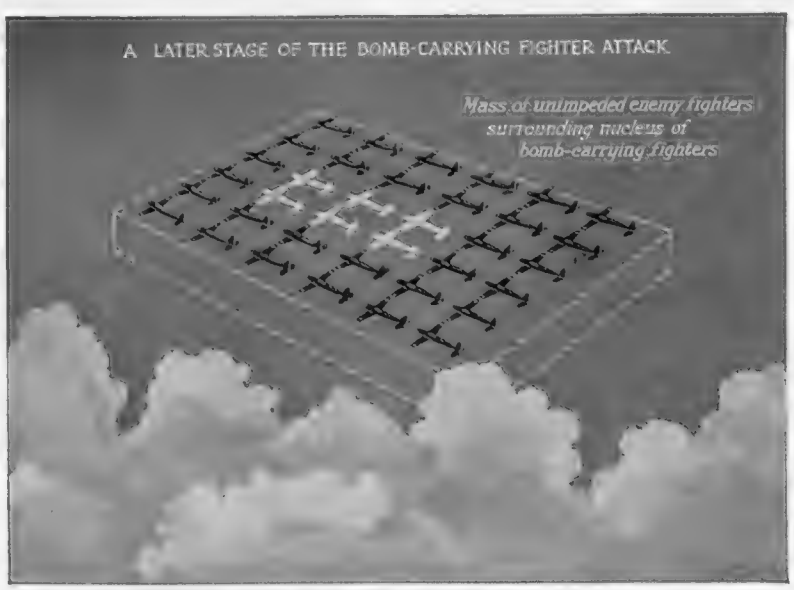


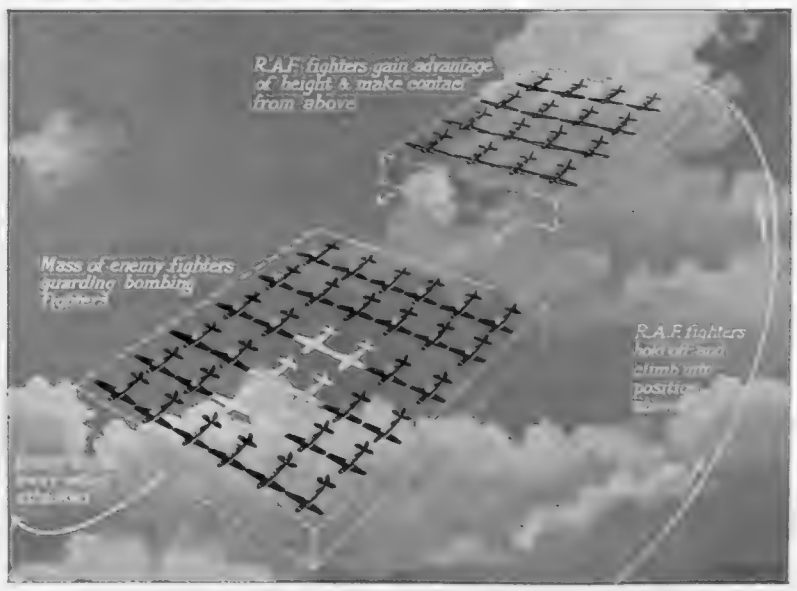
PHASES OF ATTACK—1. The First Assaults on Britain: When the big bombing attacks on Britain began, it is evident that the Germans thought that they had only to send a great number of bombers over to subdue this country. Consequently only a few fighters were employed to safeguard the huge bombing formations. The enemy losses were colossal; British fighter planes shot them down by the score. Evidently a change of tactics was needed!



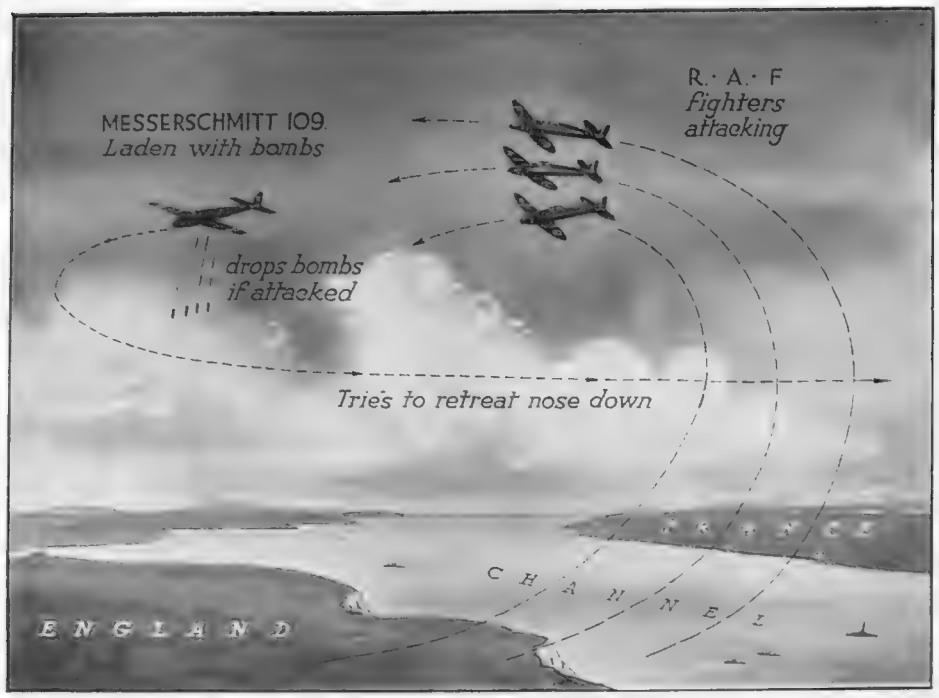
2. The Germans Increase their Escorting Fighters: Thus we come to the second phase of the German attack. Here the same numbers of bombers were used, but the fighter escorts had been increased tremendously. Again the R.A.F. countered, concentrating mainly on the bombers and shooting them down in just as big, or bigger, numbers, despite the size of their fighter escorts. And once again, therefore, the enemy had to devise other methods of attack



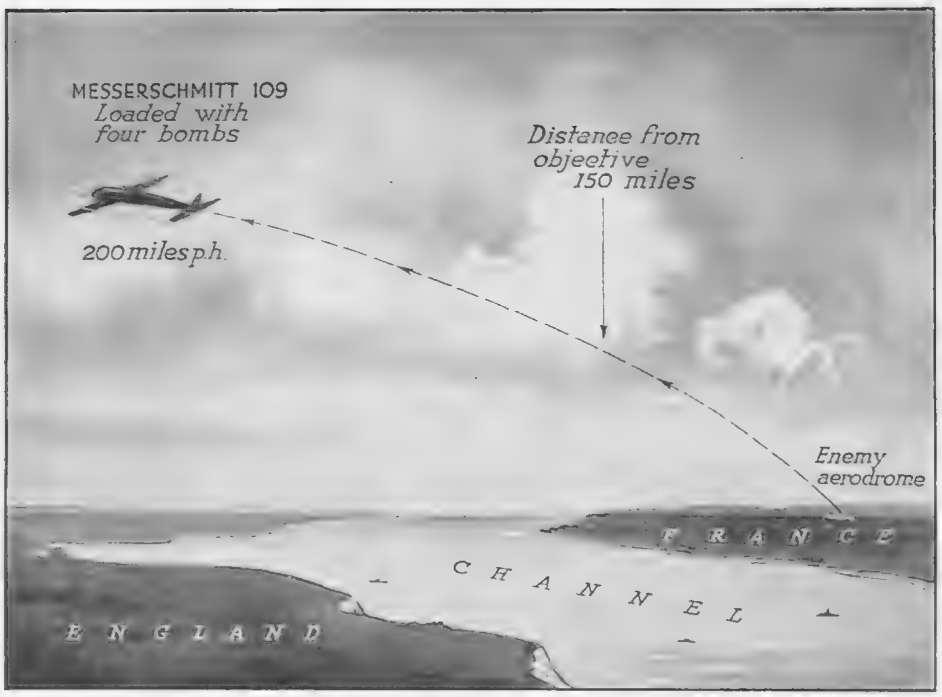
3. Huge Masses of Fighters Escort a Few Big Bombers: Failing to carry out his obvious idea of intensive bombing by huge formations, the enemy now changed his tactics completely. A few big bombers, carrying heavy loads, were escorted over their objectives by masses of fighters. The idea, obviously, was for the latter to hold off the defenders until the bombers had unloaded on their targets: then to escort their precious charges safely home



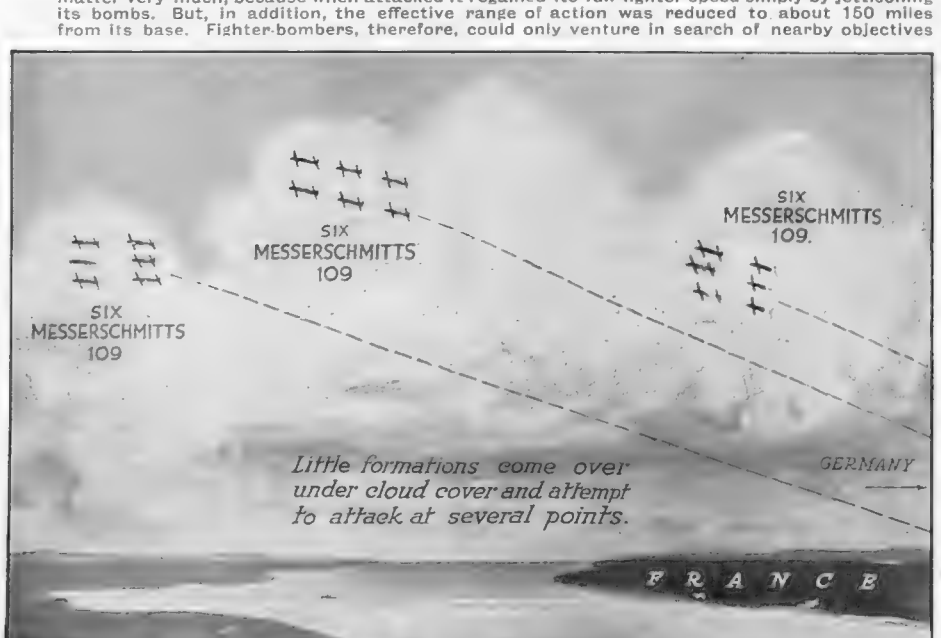
4. The R.A.F. Finally Counter the Big Bomber Menace: But the R.A.F. had other ideas, and very quickly a method was evolved whereby the British fighters climbed up to a commanding position at the rear of the enemy formation. Then they were able to swoop down on to the rear of the fighters: whilst one body engaged these and broke them up, other British planes attacked the slower-moving bombers and destroyed them, too



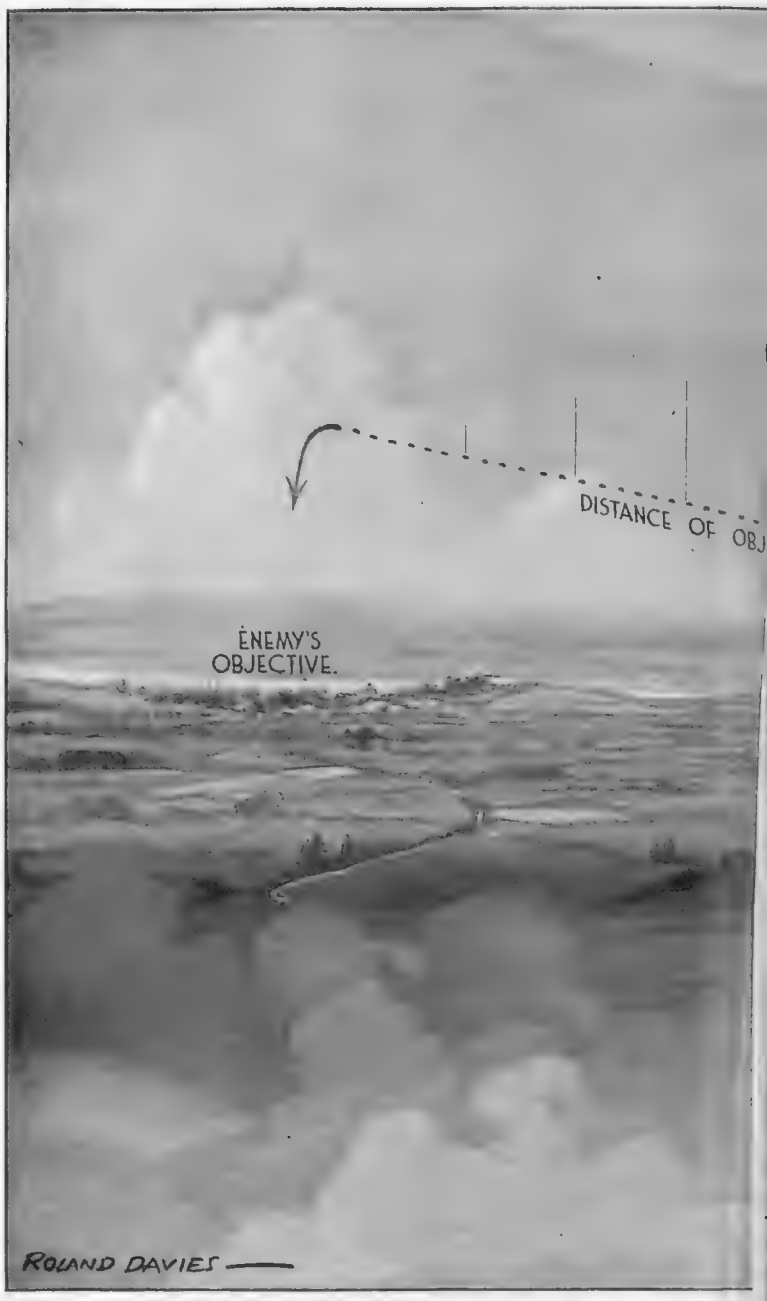
After the break-up of the big bombing formations, the Germans employ the bomb-laden fighter: When it was finally realised that slow-moving bombers, even escorted by huge clouds of fighters, had little chance of reaching their objectives, the Germans hit upon the idea of employing faster-moving fighter-bombers—both Me 109 and Me 110. By fitting bomb racks the fighters were able to fly as bombers: when attacked by the R.A.F., by simply jettisoning their bomb-loads they could send up their speed by another fifty miles an hour



Owing to its load of bombs, the range of the Me 109 is correspondingly reduced: Loaded with four bombs, the Me 109 found its *cruising* speed reduced to 200 m.p.h. although still capable of about 300 m.p.h. on full throttle for a few minutes in emergency. This did not matter very much, because when attacked it regained its full fighter speed simply by jettisoning its bombs. But, in addition, the effective range of action was reduced to about 150 miles from its base. Fighter-bombers, therefore, could only venture in search of nearby objectives



THE NEWEST TACTICS—THE USE OF FIGHTER-BOMBERS—This manœuvre appears to depend on the cloud cover: After the change over from bomber proper to fighter-bomber, the enemy's tactics were of necessity changed—from mass attack by heavy-load precision-aiming bombing aircraft to hit-and-run attack on a comparatively very small scale. For this latter method the little fighter-bomber formations scatter as they come over England and endeavour to approach their target from several directions at once. And here cloud cover begins to play an increasingly large part, as the fighter-bomber can use the clouds for an aerial game of hide and seek (*See large drawing in the upper right hand*)



A DRAWING WHICH EXPLAINS HOW ISOLATED RAIDS ARE POSSIBLE BY reach its objective and unload its bombs. I

Here the artist has summarised the whole problem of the fighter-bomber, and shows how it is possible for an enemy aircraft such as the Messerschmitt 109—although outclassed by the Spitfire—to carry out a bombing raid and still stand a fifty-fifty chance of "getting away with it." During the course of an aerial engagement one of the enemy fighter-bombers breaks off and flies towards a town some 10 miles distant; this manœuvre is immediately spotted by a Spitfire pilot, but the German pilot has a few miles start. Despite his load of four bombs, the German can still manage 300 m.p.h. (instead of his full 352) by opening his throttle wide for a few minutes. As soon as he reaches his objective, with the Spitfire now almost on his tail, he unloads his bombs. Thus lightened, his speed goes up at once to 350 m.p.h. and, immediately, he makes for the cloud formation he had previously noted. If he can reach this safely, and if he can go on cloud hopping, the German stands a good chance of eluding the baffled Spitfire pilot. The enemy's bombing, under such conditions, would be very hurried and without precision, but these are the tactics the Germans have now been forced to adopt owing to their many staggering defeats by the R.A.F.

The AIR ASSAULT on BRITAIN

(Continued from preceding page)

for the loss of 34 fighters; on September 15 they shot down 187 German aeroplanes for the loss of only 25 fighters; on September 27 a total of 133 enemy were shot down for the loss of 34 machines.

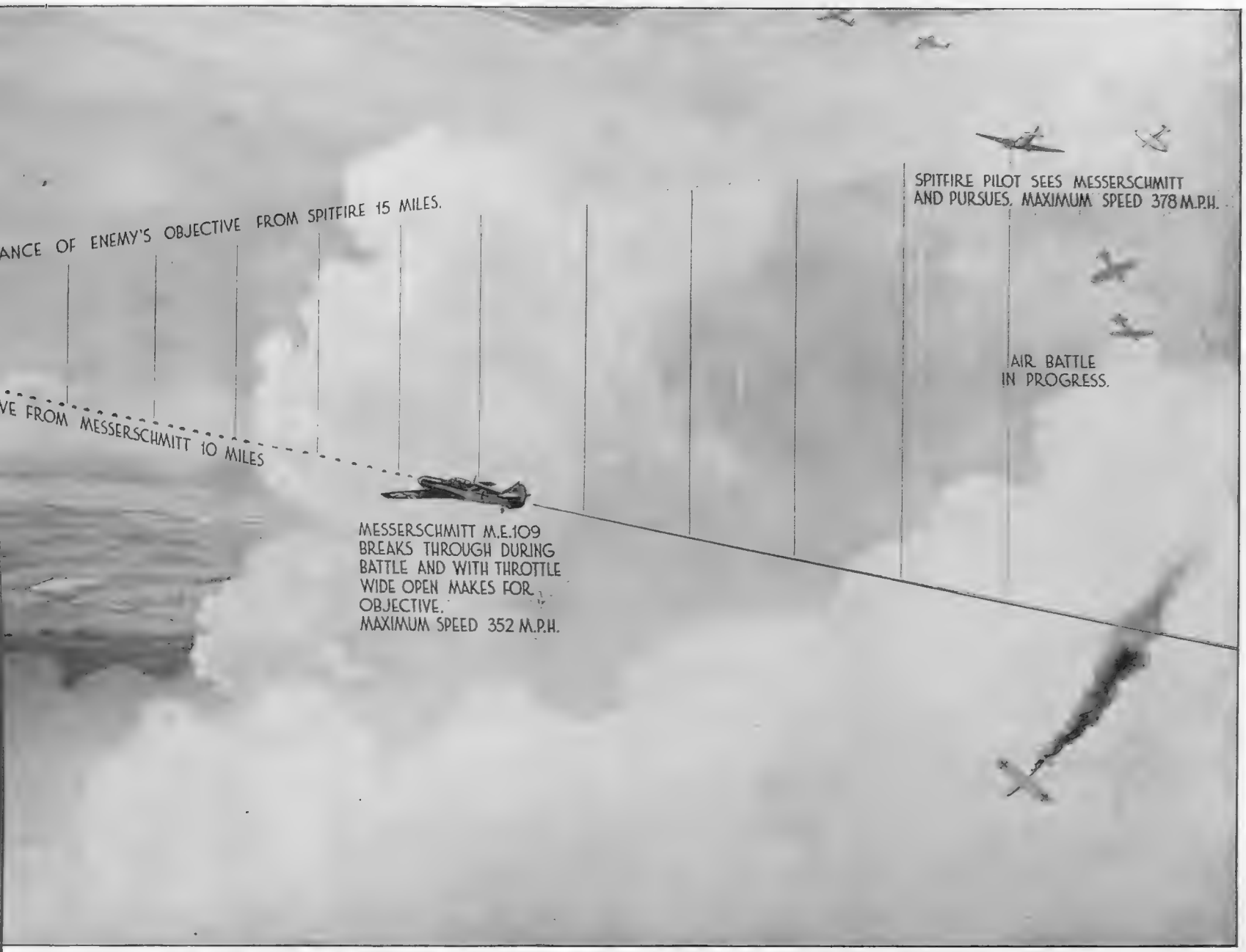
Meanwhile the Germans had been driven to night bombing—previously scorned—to keep down their losses. The first night raid on London was made on August 24, but not until September 7 did German night bombing begin on a big scale. Previous to that the German airmen had been gaining much needed night-flying experience over this country.

The many changes in tactics forced on the enemy by their continued failure to gain decisive results and by the mounting losses are best indicated by a table as follows:—

DAYLIGHT RAIDS

Approximate Dates	General Objects	Tactics
Stage 1 July 8 to Aug. 10	The blockade of the Channel by attacks on shipping and ports. 303 Germans confirmed shot down. *Ratio of losses* 4¾ *to* 1.	Single-motor Ju 87 dive-bombers used with small escorts of fighters.
Stage 2 Aug. 11 to Aug. 24	The wearing down of the R.A.F. by attacks on aerodromes and the destroying of shipping in ports. 738 Germans confirmed shot down. *Ratio of losses* 4½ *to* 1.	Big formations of Ju 87 dive-bombers with small escorts of fighters.
Stage 3 Aug. 25 to Sept. 7	The wearing down of the R.A.F. by attacks on aerodromes and the destroying of shipping in ports. 640 Germans confirmed shot down. *Ratio of losses* 2¾ *to* 1.	Ju 87's were no longer used, but two-motor bombers replaced them using high bombing tactics, with escorts equal in numbers to the bombers.

(Continued on page 17



Drawing by Roland Davies

FIGHTERS CONVERTED INTO BOMBERS NOW EMPLOYED BY GERMANY: A Messerschmitt 109 carrying four bombs, although hotly pursued by a Spitfire, can still sequent chances of escape depend on the enemy pilot's use of the cloud formations to evade the faster Spitfire now on his tail

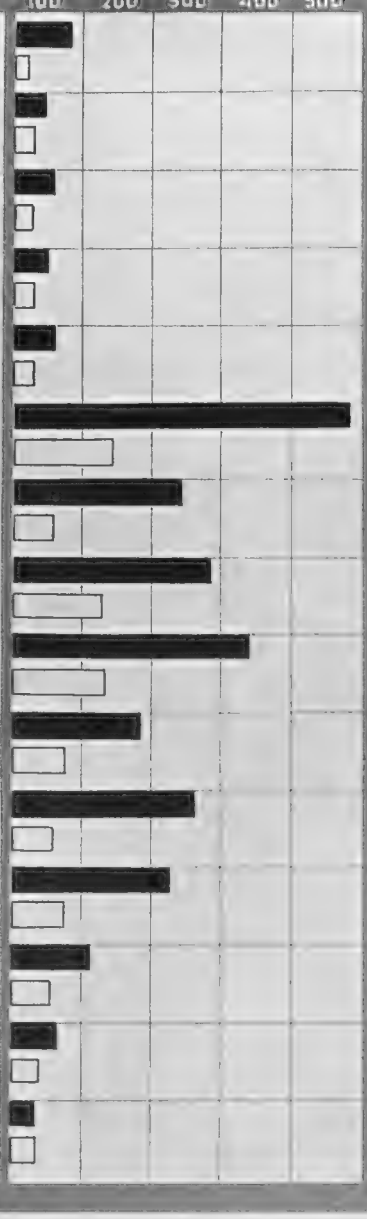
Drawing by Roland Davies

HOW THE ME 109 HAS BEEN ADAPTED TO FUNCTION AS A FAST-FLYING FIGHTER-BOMBER AND DIVE-BOMBER

"dive-bomber" has proved a dire failure in the air assault on Britain. So many of n were shot down in the opening phases of this attack that they have now virtually ppeared from the skies over this country. To replace them—for day bombing, at any —the Germans have adapted both the Messerschmitt 109 and 110, converting these er aircraft into fighter-bombers. But in modern warfare "bombing" is not good enough—it must be *precision* bombing; therefore the Me 109 has been further adapted for dive-bombing. In the cockpit of this aircraft a red line has been painted: when the enemy pilot reaches his objective, he aligns this with the horizon, and this means that his aircraft is then diving earthwards at an angle of 45 deg. as shown above. His bombs are thus aimed with a little more precision as he dives on to his target

WEEK (*inclusive*)	GERMAN LOSSES: TOTAL PER WEEK	GERMAN LOSSES: BOMBERS & FIGHTERS	GERMAN LOSSES: GROWING TOTAL	BRITISH LOSSES: TOTAL PER WEEK	BRITISH LOSSES: BOMBERS & FIGHTERS	BRITISH LOSSES: GROWING TOTAL
July 8–14	84	84 (no details given)		17	17 Fighters	
,, 15–21	46	22 Fighters, 24 Bombers	130	29	10 Fighters, 19 Bombers	46
,, 22–27	57	29 Fighters, 28 Bombers	187	23	9 Fighters, 14 Bombers	69
July 28–August 3	47	16 Fighters, 31 Bombers	234	28	8 Fighters, 20 Bombers	97
August 4–10	69	42 Fighters, 27 Bombers	303	33	20 Fighters, 13 Bombers	130
,, 11–17	495	214 Fighters, 281 Bombers	798	146	115 Fighters, 31 Bombers	276
,, 18–24	243	89 Fighters, 154 Bombers	1,041	62	51 Fighters, 11 Bombers	338
,, 25–31	297	182 Fighters, 115 Bombers	1,338	128	113 Fighters, 15 Bombers	466
September 1–7	343	192 Fighters, 151 Bombers	1,681	135	118 Fighters, 17 Bombers	601
,, 8–14	186	77 Fighters, 109 Bombers	1,867	80	49 Fighters, 31 Bombers	681
,, 15–21	268	72 Fighters, 196 Bombers	2,135	58	48 Fighters, 10 Bombers	739
,, 22–28	225	133 Fighters, 92 Bombers	2,360	77	68 Fighters, 9 Bombers	816
Sept. 29–Oct. 5	109	59 Fighters, 50 Bombers	2,469	58	40 Fighters, 18 Bombers	874
October 6–12	69	40 Fighters, 29 Bombers	2,538	43	39 Fighters, 4 Bombers	917
,, 13–19	32	22 Fighters, 10 Bombers	2,570	32	20 Fighters, 12 Bombers	949

GERMAN & BRITISH LOSSES — *Shown graphically in squares of 100.* (GERMAN / BRITISH)



BOMBERS 1339

FIGHTERS 1231

FIGHTERS 725

BOMBERS 224

NOTE.—As the later figures in the above compilation show, from mid-October onwards there was a marked slackening in the Nazi air offensive on Britain. It may be that this will prove merely a temporary lull—on October 29, in fact, there was quite a flare-up: on this day the R.A.F. shot down no fewer than thirty bombers and fighters—the biggest "bag" recorded since October 7. This was with a corresponding loss to ourselves of only seven aircraft, the pilots of four of which are safe. The reason for this slackening in Germany's air effort is a mystery. It may be that weather conditions were responsible, or that arms works in the Provinces rather than London may be the new Nazi targets. Or, it may be that a complete change of strategy is foreshadowed, or some quite different reason. When the offensive is resumed—we may be sure that the R.A.F. will continue to put up further heartening figures!

WEEK-BY-WEEK LOSSES OF THE GERMANS SINCE THE OPENING OF THE BIG AIR ATTACKS ON BRITAIN IN JULY

We give here, in a graphic presentation, a summary of the German losses in both bombers and fighters since the real air attack on Britain was started in July. These figures only show the results of daytime fighting. In sum, the enemy has lost—since July 8 up to October 19—a total of 2,570 aircraft (and his *best* aircraft): the British have lost a total of 949, an advantage of more than 2½ to 1. These figures, it should be mentioned, include our bombing raids over Germany, but not our successes in the Middle East over the Italians—which are by no means inconsiderable! From August 25 right up to September 28, the enemy persisted in launching heavy attacks against us—with what results the diagram well shows. From that date onwards, however, the figures have dwindled, obviously owing to the growing consciousness that Britain is not going to give way to mass attacks, but rather welcomes them as a means of swelling our huge total. (*For another aspect of this same subject, please refer to the diagram in the top right hand*)

THE AIR ASSAULT ON BRITAIN

(Continued from page 176)

DAYLIGHT RAIDS—continued

APPROXIMATE DATES	GENERAL OBJECTS	TACTICS
Stage 4 Sept. 8 to Sept. 21	The assaults inland against London. Chiefly against the Docks to do material damage. 454 Germans confirmed shot down. *Ratio of losses* 4¾ *to* 1.	Mass formations of heavy bombers escorted by equal numbers of fighters (increased losses caused by longer flights inland and consequently longer period of interception).
Stage 5 Sept. 22 to Oct. 5	Attacks on London in an effort to disorganise transport and important business. 334 Germans confirmed shot down. *Ratio of losses* 3 *to* 1.	Scattered raids by a few fast bombers escorted by very big formations of fighters (losses chiefly fighters).
Stage 6 Oct. 6 to Oct. 19	Daylight attacks intended to lower the morale of the population of London. 101 Germans confirmed shot down. *Ratio of losses* 1¾ *to* 1.	Fighters used as bombers carrying light bombs, sometimes flying singly, sometimes escorted by big formations of fighters without bombs.

NIGHT ATTACKS

APPROXIMATE DATES	GENERAL OBJECTS	TACTICS
Stage A July 3 to Aug. 24	Training in night flying over England. No bombs	Single aeroplanes flying high over the whole country
Stage B Aug. 24 to Sept. 7	Attempts against civilian morale	Few aeroplanes, scattering bombs
Stage C Sept. 7 onwards	Attempts against morale and industry	Large-scale night attacks

Since the first week in October the new German policy of using the fighter as a bomber has thrown up the most important contribution to air strategy since the war began. It acknowledges the pre-eminent need for speed in the face of a strong defensive force of fighters and emphasises the urgent requirement of a really high-speed bomber for daylight operations. This policy, which within its limits admittedly has proved successful, may have a profound influence on the future of military design.

The Germans have been able to employ their fighters as bombers only because of the closeness of their bases to their objectives in this country. The Messerschmitt Me 109 single-seat fighter, which has been improvised to carry four bombs of 110 lb. each slung under the wing-roots, has a maximum duration of 2½ hours cruising at about 200 m.p.h. with bombs. As it is often forced to fly much faster than this in an attempt to evade our fighters, the range must go down to about 300 miles. That means that its objective must be within 150 miles of its base.

A single pilot in a fighter obviously cannot aim with any precision. Bomb aiming is a whole-time job for one man prone on the floor of most bombers when over their target. Instead, on the Me 109 a red line is painted around the transparent cover to the cockpit so that the pilot can gauge his angle in a dive bombing attack to some slight degree of accuracy

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THE DEFENCE OF THE ROCK

The Fortress and Town of Gibraltar: And the Men Who Will Defend It

Each day the question of Gibraltar looms larger: the recent talks between Señor Suñer and Herr Hitler in Germany, and between General Franco and Hitler on the Spanish Frontier, have stressed the importance of Spain's attitude to the Axis Powers and to Britain. There is no doubt that Gibraltar is prepared for any, and every, eventuality—and in the event of an attack on the Rock there are few who deny its capacity to resist to the uttermost, whether that attack comes from the land, sea or air—or all three.

The defence of Gibraltar rests in sure hands. The principal figures are Lieut.-General Sir Clive Liddell in supreme command, with Sir Dudley North as Naval Commander-in-Chief, and Major-General MacFarlane as Military Commander. On July 24, the evacuation of women and children from Gibraltar began: 800 British evacuees had arrived on the previous day at Funchal, and the considerable number previously evacuated to French Morocco and then brought back to Gibraltar after the French-German armistice were also re-evacuated.

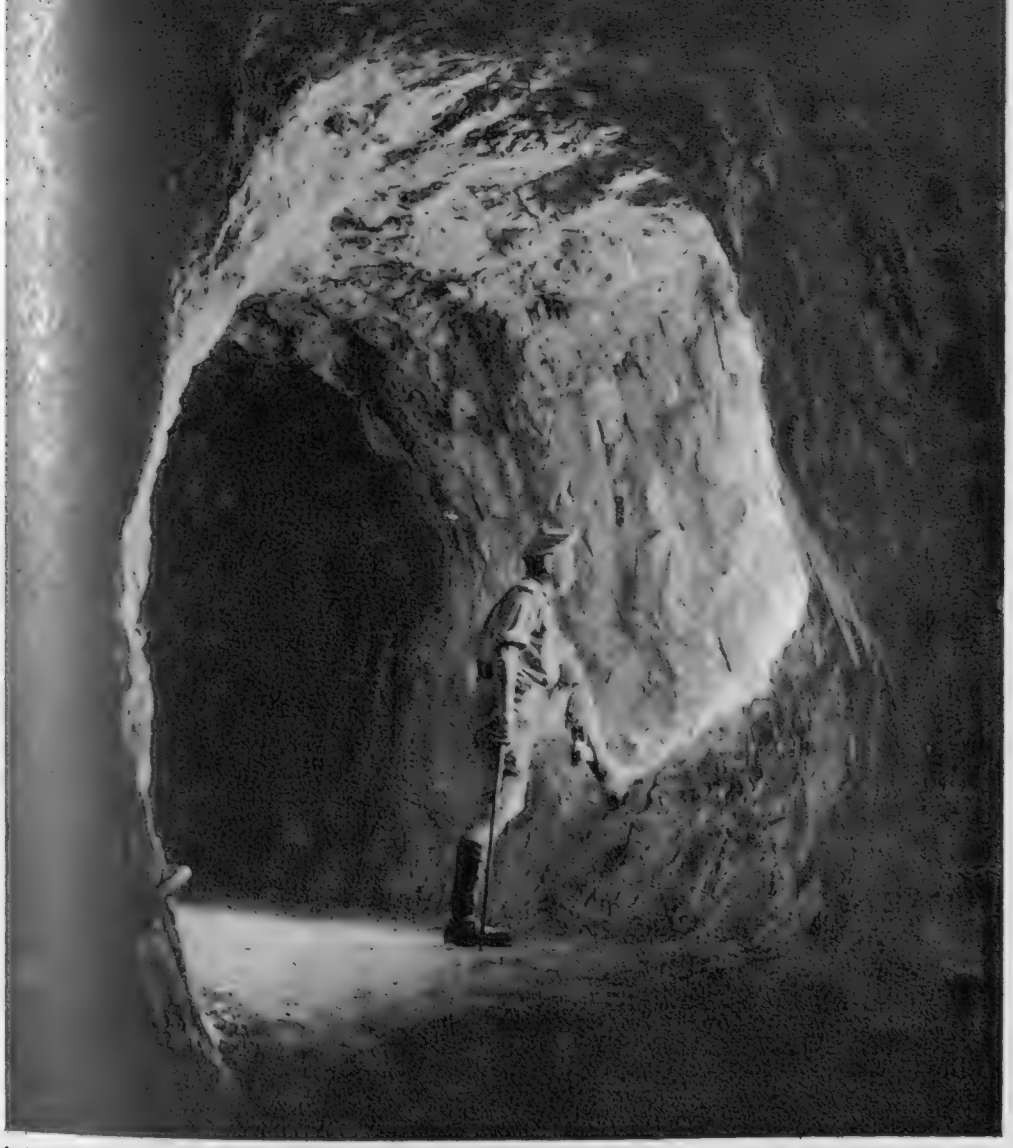
THE THREE MEN WHO ARE IN COMMAND AT GIBRALTAR: A Conference in progress in the Governor's Room: Here are seen Admiral Sir Dudley North, Naval Commander-in-Chief; Lieut.-General Sir Clive Liddell, Governor and in supreme command; and Major-General F. N. MacFarlane, Military Commander. It is on the shoulders of these three men that the task rests of repelling all attacks by sea, land or air on the great Bastion guarding the Western Mediterranean and its entrances

LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR CLIVE LIDDELL, GOVERNOR AND COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

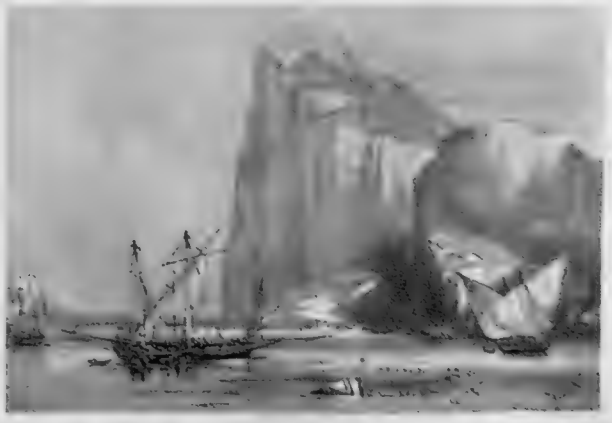
ADMIRAL SIR DUDLEY NORTH, NAVAL COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF AT GIBRALTAR

In all, some 15,000 women and children left the Rock; and it was stated later that of these some 11,000 had been accommodated in Britain. On August 26, an ordinance was issued—to take immediate effect—for the enlistment of all men between the ages of 18 and 41 for service in the armed forces of Gibraltar.

So that the Rock is now undoubtedly on a proper war footing. Lieut.-General Sir Clive Liddell has had a distinguished military career: after service in many executive capacities he took over his present appointment in 1939, following on General Ironside on the latter's promotion to Chief of the Imperial General Staff. It is reported that under General Ironside the whole of the defences of Gibraltar were reorganised and very greatly modernised and strengthened. Sir Dudley North, the Naval C.-in-C., has had an equally distinguished career in the Navy, extending back to 1897 and including the last war, 1914–1918. Major-General MacFarlane has served in many areas—South Africa, India, and in the Great War and the Afghan War of 1919; and he has held Staff appointments in France, India and England.



A VITAL POINT IN THE GIBRALTAR DEFENCES WHICH IS SELDOM PHOTOGRAPHED: One of the "Galleries" cut through the Rock: This is one of the passages, cut by the Moors centuries ago through the living rock: these are now used to billet the defending troops. Beneath the opening seen here, the Rock descends sheer to the sea: liquids emptied through the "windows" are carried *upwards*, by the up-draft, to the clouds which frequently hover above Gibraltar



AN OLD PRINT OF GIBRALTAR, SHOWING THE "WINDOWS": This view is taken from the north, looking towards the two colossal "spurs" of rock which dominate the peninsula: the "windows," or openings, in the rock galleries are seen high up—beneath is the sheer rock-face

THE CIVIL HEART OF GIBRALTAR—THE NARROW MAIN STREET, FAMILIAR TO GENERATIONS OF BRITISH TROOPS

Note the white shorts worn by both officers and men alike. According to report, these have now been copied by Mussolini in his effort to lend a "youthful appearance" to his own gallant men! The effect of the recent evacuation of all women and children from Gibraltar is plainly to be seen in this view of Main Street. The only civilians visible in the above picture are four Spaniards, and one horse. The shops, nevertheless, are open and doing a good trade

THE ANCHORAGE IN THE BAY OF ALGECIRAS UNDER THE GUNS OF THE FORTRESS

Note the larger merchant ships on the left, anchored here to await inspection by the British Contraband Control which Hitler and Mussolini are even now scheming to overthrow. In the background is the Campo of Gibraltar, seven miles away; if the Germans could gain the necessary permission from the Spaniards to establish powerful land guns in these hills, they might be able to render the Naval Harbour, Dockyard, and merchant vessel anchorages untenable for our ships. But plans, envisaging this possibility, are doubtless already in being

THE "LAY-OUT" OF GIBRALTAR: With the principal features and locations of the Rock clearly indicated for reference

Though it would be rash to call any natural fortress impregnable, Gibraltar is as near to being impregnable as any natural and stoutly defended fortress can be—except, of course, by long-drawn-out siege. With British sea-power still predominant in the Atlantic as well as in the Mediterranean its reduction by siege would appear to be impossible. The importance of Gibraltar as a naval base is as obvious to our own war directors as it is to Germany; and we may be confident that the necessary steps to secure the use of the harbour, or to provide alternative facilities for the Fleet, have been prepared. If Hitler attains the facilities he is reputed to desire for attacking the Rock, he will certainly do so with every mechanised instrument he can bring to bear; indeed, in the event of attack the Fortress of Gibraltar

THE DEFENCE OF THE ROCK

CATALAN BAY ON THE EAST SIDE OF GIBRALTAR: This favourite bathing place faces eastwards to the Mediterranean, and is therefore immune from gun-fire from Spain. Forty years ago this site was advocated for the new Harbour, but it was rejected in favour of the present one

THE WATER CATCHMENTS, which feed the four 5,000,000-gallon reservoirs upon which Gibraltar depends. High near the summit of the Rock hangs a dense cloudbank

is liable to receive such a battering from high explosives as no fortress has ever before been called upon to endure.

The pictures we reproduce on these pages go to suggest how well nature has equipped the Rock to resist such a battering and the means by which the garrison may be sheltered from the hail of steel and fire. The popular conception is that Gibraltar is an isolated stronghold, impossible from attack except from a great distance; this is not so, as reference to one of the two maps on these pages will show. The Peninsula is within easy distance of Algeciras and of the region known as the Campo; from the North African coast it is within 15 miles of Point Leona.

"Every spot from which a gun can be brought to bear is occupied by cannon, which oftentimes quaintly peep out of the most secluded nooks . . . while huge piles of shot and shell, some of enormous size, are stowed away in convenient places, screened from an enemy's fire, but all ready for use"

GIBRALTAR'S POSITION IN RELATION TO AFRICA AND SPAIN: Algeciras is only 5 miles distant from the Naval Harbour: the famous straits are themselves only 9 miles wide at the narrowest point, although the distance from Gibraltar to Point Almina is 15 miles

—so runs an account published some forty years ago. "Towards the north and north-west the defences are aided by a series of fortified galleries, some 2 or 3 miles in length. These consist of an upper and lower tier: in the former are two large halls, one—St. George's, is 50 ft. long by 35 ft. wide. Port holes are cut in these galleries for cannon at intervals of 12 yards. The eastern side is so precipitous as to be altogether secure."

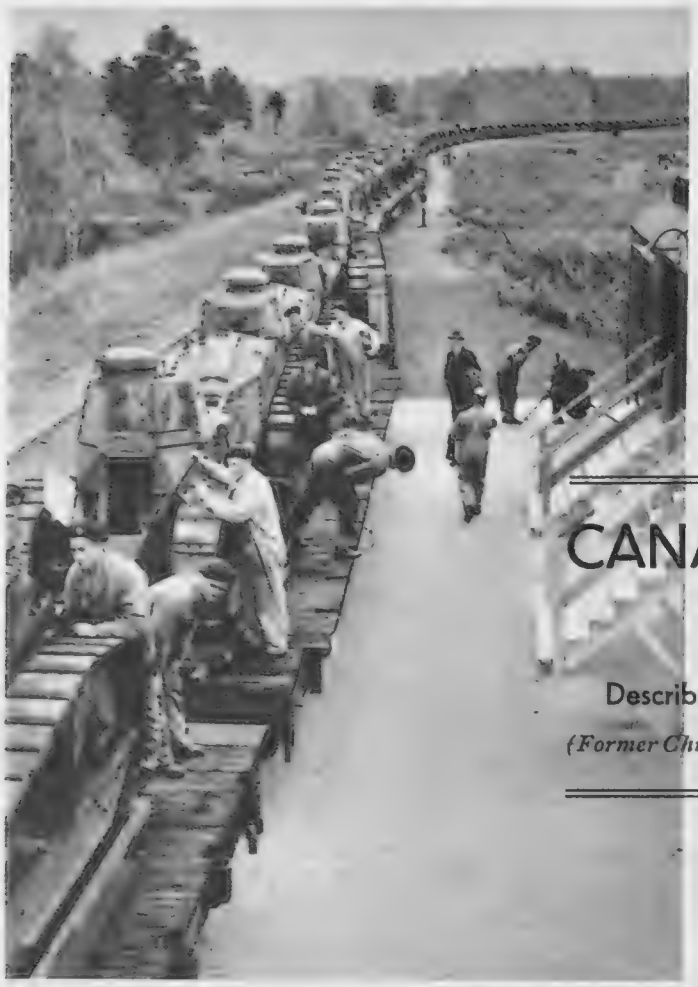
The town of Gibraltar consists of a main street nearly a mile long; but the site is much crowded by its inhabitants in peace-time: to-day, however, all the women and children —and other civilians—have been evacuated.

LA LINEA AND THE NEUTRAL TERRITORY TO THE NORTH

The Spanish town of La Linea is the home of the native workers in the British dockyard at Gibraltar. Next comes the neutral territory, the scene of many execution squads during the Spanish Civil War. The straight line running across the mid-picture is the British boundary with the famous Gibraltar racecourse below it: the latter is now an airfield from which our fighter planes can operate against enemy bombers. In the foreground, to the left, is the cemetery and, on the right, the sports ground

A SENTRY OF THE BLACK WATCH guards the water tower of the four reservoirs which hold 5,000,000 gallons of precious water. These reservoirs, constructed between 1898 and 1900, are supplied by the great catchments from the top of the Rock

A PARTY OF ROYAL ENGINEERS who are engaged on still further fortifying the Rock. There is no sign of anxiety on their faces. Their only complaint is that letters do not arrive regularly. The rocks and houses, it will be noted, are well camouflaged



TANKS IN ENDLESS PROCESSION: The latest batch of United States tanks to arrive at Camp Borden are here being unloaded from their flat trucks. When the first 200 American-made tanks poured over the border, the Canadian Minister of National Defence immediately authorised the establishment of a Tank Brigade

CANADA'S TREMENDOUS WAR EFFORT

Described by MAJOR THOMAS WAYLING

(Former Chief Press Liaison Officer, Canada's Defence Forces)

SOME 3,000 miles of border between Canada and the United States have long been looked upon as a pure white wall of peace; no forts, no guns, no armed guards, no warlike aspect at all. For a century or more there has been no belligerency on this border, but just before that there had been war—and a British force burned to the ground the little border town of Ogdensburg.

The flames of war died down and the Americans rebuilt Ogdensburg. On August 18, 1940, the President of the United States journeyed to Ogdensburg to meet the Prime Minister of Canada. It was not a meeting of warlike states. There were no armoured trains, no anti-aircraft batteries, no fighting phalanx to surround the First Citizens of the two nations. Mr. King left Ottawa in a plain seven-seater black automobile, accompanied by the United States Minister to Canada, one young secretary, and the chauffeur.

Yet so fruitful had been that simple conference, that the President of the world's greatest republic went back to his capital, and within a few weeks the great cupboard door of the border was flung back and the sinews of war poured out to Canada's waiting hands; much of it to go forward to Britain, some to fill Canada's needs.

Early in the war Canada had rapped tentatively on this cupboard door. It had opened a little but not much. Canada wanted planes for her Empire Air Training plan. A few planes trickled over the border. American opinion was unformed then, and strict neutrality overshadowed everything. The first planes Canada bought were actually towed over the border.

The United States was so punctilious about neutrality that Washington would not permit the planes to be flown over the border by United States pilots, nor permit Canadian pilots to cross into the States to fly them back. The machines were flown by Americans to the south side of the international boundary line. There a rope was flung over the border and the Canadians on the other end of the rope tugged the machines over and flew them away. (An incipient war profiteer whose field was ideally situated for the operation tried to collect $200 per plane for the use of his field, but the bonanza petered out.)

Now it can be told that some American pilots, wholeheartedly pro-Canadian, said in effect "To hell with this stuff" and flew the planes over the border and up to the nearest Canadian flying field. Everybody knew but nobody told.

Steadily as the war progressed public opinion in the United States veered more and more to the side of Britain (and Canada). The letter of the international law more and more often was enveloped in the spirit of it. The Declaration of Ogdensburg changed all this. Fourteen years ago Prime Minister Mackenzie King was one of the prime movers in the birth of the Declaration of London, which brought the nations of the British Commonwealth closer together. Now he carried out a simple conference with the President of the United States and the Declaration of Ogdensburg emerged.

The United States munitions cupboard, which had been half open, was now flung wide, and ships and planes and tanks and munitions of every kind poured into Canada. No longer were little training planes drawn over the border by ropes. American pilots flew them to the Canadian destination, and even wanted to fly them over the Atlantic to the battle front. Without much encouragement they would have flown them and fought them in the battle of Britain.

Then came the destroyers, obsolete in naval eyes but warships from heaven to the ship-starved Royal Canadian Navy. When Canadian ex-servicemen went on their Vimy pilgrimage in 1936, Canada had two new destroyers and two old ones (so old that a rating chipping the rust popped twenty-seven holes in the plates of one of them).

These United States destroyers were destined for the British Navy but Rear-Admiral Nelles, Chief of Canada's Naval Staff, just couldn't stand to let them pass through. So six of them remained with the Royal Canadian Navy. The wily admiral had foreseen this and had his Canadian crews ready.

Three years ago Canada had a couple of small tanks. She also had Colonel F. F. Worthington, a tank-warfare prophet who cried alone in the wilderness of Camp Borden. So on manœuvres he had to use trucks (and so weak was Canada in her defence preparations that the trucks had to be hired for the occasion).

The triumph of the tanks in German warfare justified Colonel Worthington's plea for tanks and more tanks. Canadian industry was geared to produce them, but tanks take time to make and Canada had very, very few tanks indeed with which to train her men. So when the cupboard door opened and 200 tanks poured through, the Minister of National Defence authorised the establishment of a Tank brigade, with the hope that ultimately this would become a Tank division, and carry a Canadian battle flag into the battle of Britain and beyond to the thunderous roll of Britain's advance on Berlin.

The spirit of the American people, and particularly the American Army, was crystallised in a chalked sign on one of the first tanks to cross the border; "Good Luck, Canada, Take 'Em Away." Canada took them away and with them over eighteen tons of spare parts thoughtfully supplied by the United States, and two score spare engines.

Canada went into the last war armed with the Ross rifle, which was discarded for the shorter, more compact and more battle-worthy Lee-Enfield. The Ross was a splendid target rifle but couldn't stand the stress of trench warfare. The Rosses were stored away. At intervals China and Japan tried to buy them but Canada wouldn't sell. The Dominion had no munitions industry and didn't trade in implements of warfare.

At the outbreak of this war the Dominion had an army of 4,000 officers and men. That army is now over 200,000 and there are recruits being trained for home defence at the rate of 30,000 a month. The demand for rifles became urgent. The Lee-Enfields were given to the troops going overseas and the Rosses were used by the military units at home. In this dilemma the cupboard door opened up and yielded 80,000 American rifles. These are being used to train the new army recruited under the National Registration plan. The ammunition is different, so they have a red band painted on to indicate they are not to be used for range practice.

Wars are won by men, money and munitions. Through the cupboard door on the border the munitions have poured freely; but quietly, unostentatiously, men and money have been coming too. At the outbreak of war no American could join the Canadian forces unless he had resided in Canada before September 1, 1939, and this was a very serious blow to quite a number of them, who were desperately anxious to aid Britain.

The stumbling-block was the oath of allegiance. An American on enlistment taking the oath of allegiance to the King forfeited his American citizenship. Canadian recruiting officers had instructions not to recruit Americans. That didn't stop them, however, for they lied like gentlemen and enlisted as privates, as airmen, as naval ratings.

To protect these men from the penalties of their enlistment the Canadian Government enacted that they need not take the oath of allegiance. The September 1 time limit was also removed and so Americans are joining the defence forces in substantial numbers; some of them are, in fact, already in Britain serving with the newly-formed "Eagle Squadron" of the R.A.F.

As for money, the Minister of Finance every day receives some contribution through the cupboard door. American visitors find that their money is worth 11 per cent. more in Canada and many of them have hit upon a plan to contribute to Canada's war effort. They pay over the exchange on their American dollars, declining to make a profit out of Canada's war situation, and at the same time giving tangible expression to their sympathy for Canada's cause.

The cupboard door on the border has been opened wide. It will not be closed until the battle of Britain is won, and the battle of Berlin rests on victorious arms—and on Canada's, for Britain's war is Canada's too. And a whisper comes through the cupboard door: "And it's America's too."

CANADA BENEFITS FROM THE U.S. DESTROYER DEAL: Six of the fifty destroyers which America made over to Britain were retained by Admiral Nelles, Chief of Canada's Naval Staff, for service with the Royal Canadian Navy. Above are seen the six commanders ready to take over their new commands

INVASION PRACTICE: Canada's soldiers and sailors, emulating the British forces at home, are practising up-to-date methods of invasion tactics. These exercises are being carried out by the Royal Canadian Navy in joint operations with the Army. This useful training for possible future attacks on Nazi-occupied territory in Europe frequently takes place off the rugged coast of Newfoundland, where this picture was, in fact, taken

The KING in the E. COMMAND

RING HIS TWO-DAY VISIT: The King receiving cheers from the men of the East Riding Yeomanry at the conclusion of his visit. The Commanding Officer is seen behind the King

ring his visit to the Eastern Command, the King was one of the rincipal figures in a most amusing incident. An Australian private issembling a machine-gun blindfold in the open with a piercing blowing. His language during this baffling procedure was of the est. When the soldier's task was finished within the five minutes ed him, he pushed up the bandage from his eyes—to discover, amidst ughing group of officers, the King who had been a silent onlooker!

THE AUSTRALIAN WHO SWORE: It was this soldier, blindfold whilst assembling a Vickers gun and unaware of the King's presence, who made His Majesty laugh with his frank language

MORE ENEMY PLANES for the SCRAP-HEAP

The R.A.F. are still bringing down the enemy's fighters and bombers—and their efforts are now being ably backed up by the anti-aircraft gunners. These four pictures have reached us during the past few days: in the upper left is the Dornier 17 shot down at Bexley in Kent after its crew had machine-gunned civilians. In the upper right is the tail of the crashed Heinkel III which was brought down behind a row of shops at Hornchurch in Essex. In the bottom left is a night raider brought down at Storrington in Sussex, with its tail almost severed from the fuselage by a tree. In the bottom right is a yellow-nosed Messerschmitt fighter shot down in a dog fight on the Sussex downs; the pilot was unhurt and was taken to the police by a nearby farmer

THE TARGET IS BERLIN: The men who are to carry out the attack receive their instructions a couple of hours before they take off

Berlin is now feeling the might of the R.A.F. and, apparently, is making preparations for further visits. These are some of the officers and men who are carrying out this work. As is now generally known, the crews detailed for these operations receive full directions and the very latest information concerning routes, A.A. fire, weather conditions, etc., etc., at the "briefing" which takes place in the late evening, a couple of hours before they actually take off. Although it is a most important job of work, there is no stiffness during this vital conference. In this picture the Wing-Commander is in his shirt sleeves: he has just read the Operations Order for the night, giving all the information he can about targets and likely opposition. The Station Intelligence Officer on his left is adding his quota of information for the benefit of the crews. The latter are taking careful note of all that is said and checking the various points made on the maps spread out on the tables in front of them. One navigator (on the Intelligence Officer's left) is noting vital information about routes home from a notice board hung up in the Operations Room

AIR COMMENTARY BY CHARLES G. GREY (Founder of "The Aeroplane")

ARMY and AIR FORCE in CO-OPERATION

Lord Trenchard's Defence of the R.A.F. as an Independent Force; The Italians Join in the "Bombardment of Britain"!

THAT argument in the House of Lords about whether the Army should have its own Flying Corps, as the Navy has its own Fleet Air Arm, is interesting, because there is so much sound sense on both sides. And a wise decision is needed, if only to help the efficiency of all three Fighting Services in winning the war. Also, there is humour, because those who remember the political career of Lord Snell before he was elevated to the Peerage must be diverted by seeing him as the *Laudator temporis acti*—the solid Conservative supporting a war-time Government decree of 1917.

Both sides seem to have forgotten a White Paper of December 13, 1919, a Memorandum by Air Marshal Sir Hugh Trenchard, Chief of the Air Staff, with a prefatory Note by Mr. Winston Churchill, then doubling the parts of Secretary of State for War and for Air. It outlined the Permanent Organisation of the Royal Air Force, and in it appears this—

"The principle to be kept in mind in forming the framework of the Air Service is that in future the main portion of it will consist of an Independent Force, together with Service personnel required in carrying out Aeronautical Research.

"In addition there will be a small part of it specially trained for work with the Navy, and a small part specially trained for work with the Army, these *two small portions probably becoming, in the future, an Arm of the older Services.* [I have asked for italics to emphasise that point.—C. G. G.]

"It may be that the main portion, the Independent Air Force, will grow larger and larger, and become more and more the predominating factor in all types of warfare."

There you have, more than twenty years ago, an example of the foresight of one of the greatest men that our generation has produced, given at a time when Mr. Churchill, in his double part, had cut down the R.A.F. to exactly one-tenth of its war-time strength.

As Lord Trenchard in the House of Lords opposed the proposed change, we must assume that in his wisdom he does not judge that we have reached that time "in the future" at which the "small part . . . specially trained for work with the Army," can properly become "an Arm of the older Service." Probably he is right, for I have never known him to be wrong on a major matter in his twenty-eight years in Service aviation.

And he was never more right than when he said in the Lords that the R.A.F. in France in 1939, and until the French downfall, had taken its orders from the French High Command, which had shown repeatedly that "it had little or no conception of the use of air power, either in conjunction with a land battle, or independently."

Readers of this paper may remember that the point *has* been made that from the beginning of the *blitzkrieg* the R.A.F. at home and in France had to sacrifice men and machines, besides all its proper aggressive air work against German armament areas, in a frantic effort to save the defeated French armies from the follies, or lunacies, of their own *Grand Quartier Général*. What did Mr. Churchill say of "the uses of recriminating about the past being to assure efficiency in the future"? And none in these days would question a dictum of Mr. Churchill's.

Although Lord Trenchard was, as usual, right in scoffing at the phrase "the man who flies an aeroplane to aid land forces must be half a soldier," there is certain air work in Army operations which can best be done by soldiers in aeroplanes of types which can be of no use to the R.A.F. in proper air war. The existence of the Army Co-operation squadrons manned and commanded largely by Regular soldiers and of the Lysander Army Co-operation aeroplanes, is a frank acknowledgment of the fact.

Dive-bombing to create a barrage in front of an attack by tanks or infantry—instead of the "creeping barrage" of 1917, invented by General Horne, R.A. (later made a Peer)—might be done by the R.A.F. if it had any dive-bombers designed for the purpose. But it might be more fully effective if done by soldiers in aeroplanes designed for ground-strafing and nothing else.

There are also anti-tank operations which might be done better by specially-designed aeroplanes. And there is spotting for artillery, and close reconnaissance, and Army communication (that is, staff-car work) behind the lines, which can certainly be done better by soldiers in aeroplanes which would be useless to the R.A.F.

After all, the R.A.F. has lots of motor-boats for targets, for rescue works, for seaplane tenders, for communications at coastal stations and so forth. And the Royal Engineers have a whole navy to look after harbour works and coast defences, and to co-operate with the coastal guns of the Royal Garrison Artillery. Yet none asks that because they go on the water and have screw propellers they should be run by a small part of the Royal Navy specially trained for work with the Army and with the R.A.F.

The wiser course seems to be for each of the King's Fighting Services to have what weapons its own Chiefs judge that it needs to do the jobs for which it exists. And if two, or all three, Services have different ways of doing the same job, well, let them get on with it.

For instance, a week or so ago we were told in a communiqué that some Bristol Beaufort torpedo-bombers of the R.A.F. had sunk some German supply ships off Norway, and on the same day that some Fairey Albacores of the Fleet Air Arm had torpedoed something Italian in the Mediterranean. Now, would it not have been foolish to say that the R.A.F. must not have torpedo-planes because torpedoes are a naval weapon?

The difference is that the Beauforts can take off from land with big loads and reach points far beyond the

limiting range of the Albacores. On the other hand, the Albacores start from heaving decks of aircraft-carrying ships in parts of the oceans which the Beauforts could never reach to start from them.

Also, competition is good for trade. In the last war we used to call the Submarine Service "the Trade." All branches of all the Services have now become so mechanical that they are all mere tradesmen's jobs in these days. And competition between all these trades is good for all of them.

If Fleet Air Arm Skuas can dive-bomb German or Italian coastal defences or ships or air stations better than can R.A.F. Battles or Blenheims, let them go to it. Competition will stir them all to greater efforts. And, when the Great Invasion of Europe starts—whether in 1941 or 1942 does not matter—whether the R.A.F.'s ground strafers or the Army's ground strafers or the Fleet Air Arm's ground strafers do the best strafing does not matter either, so long as they all strafe like blazes. And the competition will keep their noses down to it. I have always thought that the University Boat Race would be so much more exciting, and the competition and the training would be so much keener, if there were three Universities instead of only two.

Instead of arguing about "three Air Forces or one," as the official and professional disputants do, why cannot they talk over, in a friendly way, the subject of "The Royal Air Force, one and indivisible, and the Auxiliary Air Arms of the Senior Services"? That is the way to peace and prosperity.

And, talking of competition now, according to the papers, we are to be, or perhaps already have been, bombed by the *Regia Aeronautica*, the Royal Italian Air Force, in competition with the *Luftwaffe*. That, as a Scottish minister friend of mine was fond of saying, will be a very interesting "speeritual expeerience." In Spain and in Abyssinia the Italian bombers showed professionally praiseworthy accuracy. The bombing of the harbours of Barcelona and Valencia, and elsewhere, by Caproni's from the Balearic Islands, which ruined the dock-sides and shipping without hitting the towns, was technically excellent, when one considers that the bomb-aimers had to let their bombs go about 3½ miles before reaching their targets.

That was much better shooting than that of a German bomber who, at a town which I know well, circled three times round the town, and hit a big private school. Fortunately all the children were at the time out in the fields doing Nature Study—which only shows that these new-fangled subjects in education have their uses.

OFF TO BOMB BERLIN: The actual start of a recent raid on the German capital: This picture was taken a few days ago at a Bomber Station: one plane has already set off on its 600-miles journey to Berlin (1,200 miles or more for the round trip) and is silhouetted against the westering sun, whilst another still on the ground is ready to follow it in a few moments. For such aircraft as the Hampden or the Wellington or other British long-range bombers this extensive flight, with a substantial bomb-load, offers no serious difficulty, providing always that the weather conditions over Germany and the North Sea are not too difficult

That can only have been bad shooting, because the Hun can have had no idea that the place was a school any more than a submarine commander can tell who or what is inside the ship which he torpedoes in the dark either in the Atlantic or in what used to be Scandinavian or Dutch territorial waters. But I saw a bad case of sheer Hunnishness lately. A German bomber came down low, put two bombs into houses in the main street of a very small town and then turned round and machine-gunned the main street.

Mentioning Spain reminds me than a friend of mine remarked lately that he was sorry for Spain, where he had spent many happy years, because General Franco seemed to be faced with the alternative of making his country play the part either of Denmark, which would not suit Spanish pride, or of Poland, which would be practically impossible for a country only beginning to recover from a virulent Civil War. The Spanish Air Force is little but good, and the Spaniards are fine pilots, but they could not hope to stand up to the numbers of the *Luftwaffe* and the *Regia Aeronautica*.

I like the gentleman on the B.B.C. who said that Random must be the busiest place in England for air raids, because there seemed to be more bombing at it than anywhere else.

A NEST OF SKUAS: Dive-bombers of the Fleet Air Arm ready to take off from the deck of a British aircraft-carrier at sea

When this picture was taken these aircraft were on the point of setting out for an attack against an enemy base. The Blackburn Skua dive-bomber was designed expressly for such work as this: the wings of the aircraft fold so that it can be lowered to the hangars below decks; and there are powerful diving brakes to check the plane when engaged on its specific dive-bombing functions. The maximum speed of the Skua is 225 m.p.h.

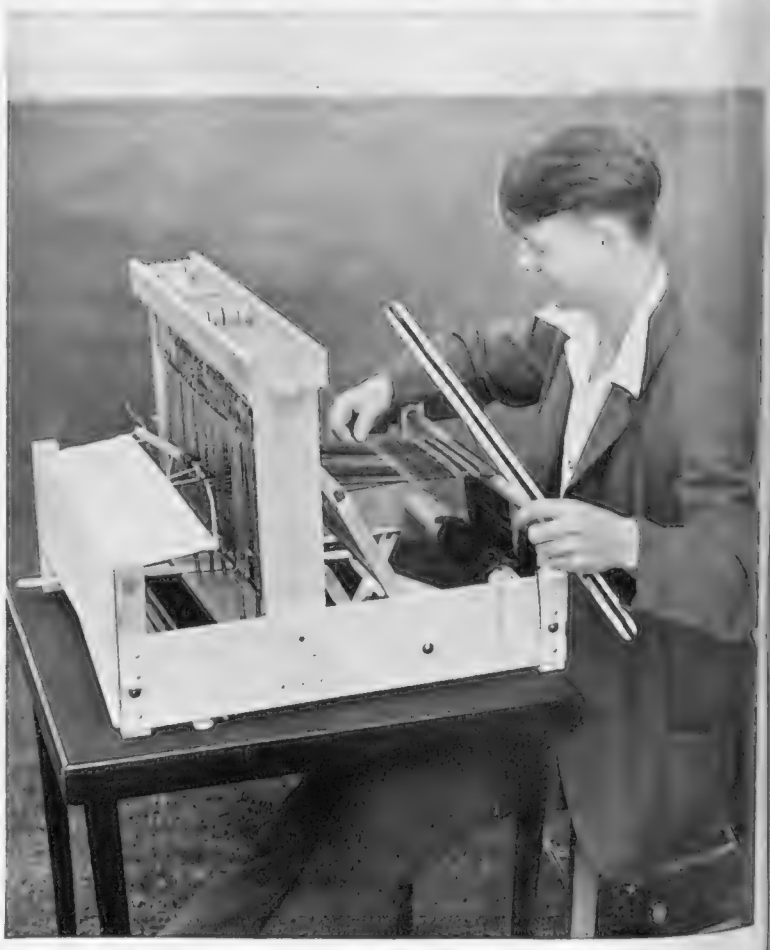
Pictures by Douglas Went

THE FAMOUS BARGES OF THE EAST COAST STILL CARRY ON: A Study of an East Coast Barge drifting in with the tide: These three studies come from the East Coast, where the picturesque sailing barges are still carrying on despite the new dangers brought about by the war. These fine craft are fulfilling a very useful work, conveying coastwise cargoes from point to point. To many, the big-sailed barges still bring a whiff of Romance as they pursue their lawful occasions between the sleepy shipping ports of the East Coast

A TRAWLER SETTING OUT ON ITS DUTIES ON A LATE OCTOBER EVENING: A recent study in the North Sea, where the task of fishing still goes on

WITH BIG BROWN-RED SAILS CLOSE HAULED: This East Coast barge is beating in towards the coast at the end of its run

AUSTRALIAN LUMBERJACKS AT WORK IN BRITISH FORESTS: The forests of Northumberland are ringing with the sound of axes wielded by the 2nd Forestry Company of Royal Engineers (Australian), 150 of whom have been in this country for several months, employed on this work. They are all experienced lumberjacks of the Australian bush and experts at their job. All the men enlisted as soldiers and all are born woodsmen. The work is normally hard, the more so in wet weather; but these sturdy 150 are clearing the Northumberland forests with great vigour. This happy Australian is just beginning on the foundations of a huge tree



ARTS AND CRAFTS TO RESTORE THE HEALTH OF CONVALESCENTS: At one Military Hospital, weaving is working wonders for convalescent soldiers. To combat boredom the men have been taught basket and rug-making, weaving leather and poker work by voluntary instructresses from surrounding villages. At a recent sale of their work the sum of over £100 was realised. Here a soldier convalescent is at work at a loom in the tranquil hospital grounds

NEWS ITEMS IN PICTURES

ANCIEN[T] [A]ND MODERN IN OLD WARWICK: Leycester's Hospital, at the [E]nd of Warwick's High Street, was established by Robert Dud[ley], Earl of Leicester, in 1571, for twelve old soldiers. The qua[int] half-timbered building was originally built in 1383, for the guil[d] of Holy Trinity and St. George. Its historical associations are [co]nsiderable, and for years it has been one of the show plac[es] of the ancient town. To-day, it would be difficult to find a g[rea]ter contrast between Ancient and Modern—mingling with its c[ol]ntly clad pensioner-brethren are seen women of the A.T.S., who [are] constant visitors to this ancient relic of mediæval days and [wh]ose modern uniforms and trim appearance seem very [in] amongst the mass of old timbering and old gateways

GATHERING THE CORN—A PEACEFUL COUNTRYSIDE SCENE FROM DEVONSHIRE: At beautiful Start Point in Devon, corn has just been gathered on the quiet cliff-land overlooking the Channel. It is the first crop grown in this part of the country for many years, and the yield has proved most encouraging

THE DOG IN WAR-TIME

A PATHETIC VICTIM OF THE AIR RAIDS: A picture from a town in South-East England: this sad-eyed air raid casualty has been picked up by the R.S.P.C.A., whose Blue Cross ambulances are constantly on the watch for such cases in bombed areas

THE "DOG" IN GERMANY: This picture has just reached England from Germany: it was recently reproduced in a newspaper in that country under the heading of a "True type of Brave U-Boat Commander." The caption then goes on to describe him (precisely why, we cannot say!) as "the brain of a great sea dog," and as a "Knight of the Depths." He is, in other words, a submarine commander. Although not named, this bearded hero is credited by the newspaper with having done an "enormous" amount of damage to British shipping in the Atlantic

BURIED FOR THREE DAYS: This dog was discovered by Pioneers, little the worse for its adventure. It was given a meal and at once regained its normal spirits!

"SPOT" DISPLAYS HIS TRICKS: Rescued from the wreckage of a bombed house in East London, "Spot" now refuses to leave the Pioneer friends who saved his life

WIFE OF THE FRENCH PRETENDER AND FAMILY: The Countess of Paris, formerly the Princess Isabelle, granddaughter of the last Emperor of Brazil, Dom Pedro of the Orleans Braganza family, seen with her six children. The Countess has left Rio de Janeiro for Europe to join her husband, who is the son of the late Duc de Guise. Since the Vichy Government came to power there have been rumours of the restoration of the French Royal Family

A ROYAL REFUGEE: Grand Duchess Charlotte, ex-ruler of the tiny Duchy of Luxembourg, seen on her arrival in New York aboard the Clipper from Lisbon. The Duchess was driven from her country by the invading Nazi hordes, and has now sought sanctuary in America. Among the many people who were at La Guardia Field to greet her was her husband, Prince Felix (right)

FULL HOUSE! A notice in an evacuation town which is evidence of how the housewives have left the intensively bombed districts for safer areas in the country. This particular evacuation town has almost trebled its population, and the women do their shopping under almost peace-time conditions

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

LITERATURE FOR HIGHBROWS

H. G. Wells on the Literary Warpath; Charles Morgan's Classic Voyage; Madame Pilsudski's Memoirs

OF all literary forms the novel is perhaps the most elastic and consequently most abused. Any piece of fiction, provided it is of more than 80,000 words (there appears to be no maximum nowadays), can be called a novel. And sometimes it need not even be fiction but a piece of history, ancient or modern, dished up in that shape. The celebrated chalk and cheese simile does not point dissimilarity more effectively than a racy and ingenious yarn by Edgar Wallace and a novel by Mrs. Virginia Woolf, done in the "flow of consciousness" technique.

Two excellent examples of what can be, and indeed is, done in the name of the novel have just been presented by Mr. H. G. Wells and Mr. Charles Morgan. Mr. Wells has, of course, for many years been the leading practitioner in the novel of ideas. In his new book, **BABES IN THE DARKLING WOOD** (Secker and Warburg. 9s. 6d.), he takes the trouble, in an introduction, to throw out a challenging defence of this technique. He declares that the story belongs to a school which follows in a great tradition, the tradition of discussing fundamental human problems in dialect form.

"Manifestly, the novel of ideas and the play of ideas converge . . . from opposite directions Shaw and I approach what is to us and, I submit, firmly and immodestly, to all really intelligent people, the most interesting thing in the world, the problems of human life and behaviour as we find them incarnate in persons."

For Mr. Wells then, it is ideas that matter, but as "by an inner necessity" he is a novelist, he has to create the characters to express them.

But the novel demands character *and action*, and also a continued thread of action, which, in the hands of the masters, becomes a story. In no single one of Mr. Wells' novels of ideas can I find that one of his characters escapes from the concentration camp of Mr. Wells' intelligence. They speak with the deadly monotone of their creator's message. When they act, it is just to move to a different part of the platform.

It is all very well for Mr. Wells to dismiss the other school wherein characters create their own ideas, and by the implication of their actions stimulate the reader's imagination. They are not all to be written off as "wooden-headed puppets." By the very life that is created within them they can stir, and do stir, the human spirit, every bit as deeply, and perhaps more deeply than those of Mr. Wells' puppets, who are there for the sole purpose of putting over his ideas.

None of these things has anything to do with the kind of intellectual message which Mr. Wells is attempting to convey in *Babes in the Darkling Wood*. He is a superb tractarian, and in this book he rises to great heights of persuasiveness and vigour. And even in those parts of the book in which he dabbles in psycho-synthesis, he can still manage to make it stimulating.

Assuredly, by an "inner necessity" Mr. Wells is a novelist. He is also a born writer, and that, strange though it may seem, is a rare phenomenon among novelists. There may be some who would rather that Mr. Wells manhandled the novel in this manner than that he should not write at all. I may be among that number, for, quite between ourselves, I think the novel can take it. Nevertheless, I feel that by issuing his sociological and political tracts in this form he is not adding to the stature of that school of fiction to which, as he says himself, he has always been attracted.

Mr. Charles Morgan, on the other hand, is a writer who has always striven after that perfection which must be the ultimate goal of the artist. Intellectually he is poles apart from Mr. Wells, but in his work he has displayed greater intellectual courage. His imaginative equipment may not as yet have been as formidable, but he has striven within the great classical traditions.

The arbitrary line which seeks to put his kind of work outside the novel of ideas is based upon the fallacy that the development of character and action in such a novel as **THE VOYAGE** (Macmillan, 9s.), is not concerned with ideas. As well dismiss *Madame Bovary* on the same grounds. It cannot be done. A great novel in which the characters live, and will continue to live to the end of unrecorded time, in which their actions and reactions impinge upon fundamental human and spiritual problems, cannot be said to be devoid of ideas. In every succeeding decade they stimulate human thought and action, and carry ideas far beyond their immediate problems.

The Voyage is so outstanding a novel as to be a landmark in Mr. Charles Morgan's career, and possibly one in the development of contemporary English literature. Gone (but perhaps not forgotten, for there is still an echo of it here and there) are the affectations of style and the encumbering intricacies of Meredithian prose which made him difficult to read, and which enraged more than one critic. Gone also are the exquisite and execrable strugglings with frustration. In *The Voyage*, the characters are clear-cut and vigorous. Being peasants, the hero and heroine are of the earth earthy, but with none of that heavy-handed earthiness with which so-called peasant novelists are apt to overlay their victims.

CHARLES MORGAN: A portrait study of the author of *The Voyage*. His other works include *Portrait in a Mirror*, *The Fountain*, *Sparkenbroke* and *The Flashing Stream*. He is the only author to whom both the Femina prize and the Hawthornden prize have been awarded, and his work has appeared in fourteen languages

Mr. Morgan still has a fine eye for the aerial landscape spread, and a fine pen with which to trace the more subtle entanglements of human conduct. But in this book there is vigour behind his strokes, and a courage and a determination to bring off something which might have tested the powers of greater writers than he.

In brief, it is the story of a small wine grower of the Charente, and a vivacious, tempestuous dancer in the Paris music-halls of the '80's. Barbet was a man who, all through his life, could do nothing that was not good. He was close to nature; he studied the birds, and in his human relationships his integrity remained inviolate. Thérèse was wild, impulsive and self-centred. The illegitimate daughter of a priest, she was everything that the female human animal could be, but because deep down she was fundamentally as good as Barbet, it was reasonable that their ultimate voyage should be made an accompaniment to the refrain of Joachim du Bellay. *Heureux qui, comme Ulysse, a fait un beau voyage.*

In the past Mr. Charles Morgan's novels have provoked much controversy. With *The Voyage* much, if not all, of that must be swept aside, for by any standards it must be accounted a great novel.

I am afraid I have not left much space for the **MEMOIRS OF MADAME PILSUDSKI** (Hurst and Blackett. 10s. 6d.), which I earnestly recommend to everyone who can be interested to read a fascinating story of a remarkable man, and to trace through that story some of the most dramatic chapters in the history of European events which have led to the present struggle.

Pilsudski was one of the greatest figures to be thrown up in the stormiest and most vital period in European history. His wife, whose Memoirs these are, though modest and self-effacing, reveals herself also to have been a great character. A word is due to the translator, Jennifer Ellis. Perhaps because Madame Pilsudski describes Mrs. Ellis as her collaborator, it is reasonable that her name should not appear upon the title-page. The book has literary qualities far above the average, and for that alone it is a joy and pleasure to read.

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JANE AUSTEN'S

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Since Mr. Chips, every Greer Garson film is awaited with keen interest. Critics are hoping for a film which will give this rising young actress full scope; in the meantime comes this delightful costume film of *Pride and Prejudice* from the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios. Hollywood has, for some reason, elected to move the period into the early nineteenth century. Otherwise the film is produced with characteristic American skill. Greer Garson gives all her wit and charm to Elizabeth, and is supported by a very strong cast. This is distinctly a film to see at the present time

MR. COLLINS GOES ON HIS KNEES TO ELIZABETH: The egregious Mr. Collins (Melville Cooper), who has given a name to a formal letter of thanks, proposes to Elizabeth, in terms which move her to mirth. She is to become the docile vicaress whether she will or no

THE TWO SISTERS BENNET WITH THEIR LOVERS, DARCY AND BINGLEY: All comes well at the end. Darcy cannot resist Elizabeth, and Bingley (Bruce Lester) finds out in time how truly Jane (Maureen O'Sullivan) loves him

THE WOMEN IN THE "PRIDE AND PREJUDICE" FILM AT THE EMPIRE: At the back Kitty Bennet (Heather Angel), Lydia Bennet (Ann Rutherford), Mary Bennet (Marsha Hunt), May Beatty, and Jane Bennet (Maureen O'Sullivan); in centre Elizabeth Bennet (Greer Garson) and her mother (Mary Boland)

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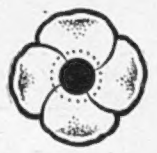

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NOV. 11

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In Quest of Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

CORNWALL has made such a corner in patron saints that there is a whole book devoted to the subject, but having no book of reference to hand, and being in no mood to move from my sunny pitch overlooking a Riviera-like setting, I am content to write about St. Mawes the place, and not the saint.

For those who are in the fortunate position of not having to live in bombed areas, and who would escape, into the bargain, from the rigours of winter, St. Mawes is surely a happy haven.

Three or four times a day the tiny steamer *St. Mawes* makes the half-hour journey from Falmouth to bring us news of the war across the water. Occasionally, if the wind is in the right direction, we hear, faintly, the sirens; sometimes we hear some bangs, but nine times out of ten they can be traced to blasting at local quarries. The only other incident of war is the balloon barrage which protects Falmouth from the mine-dropping aeroplane. On the day of our arrival St. Mawes was much puffed up because it had been presented with a balloon of its very own. But alas! The elements proved spoil-sport; the wind tore it from its moorings during the night, and the inhabitants of this Cornish haven momentarily wore a crestfallen look. Personally I hope the balloon will not be replaced, for it is not in keeping with the care-free life we lead here.

We are gloriously cut off in the Roseland Peninsula from the world beyond. Our nearest station by road is Truro, some seventeen miles away; we have one principal street, which runs along the water's edge, and a multiplicity of alleyways which serve the houses perched on the precipitous hill, and we have one donkey cart which rushes in where car wheels fear to tread.

There are few bed-and-breakfast houses, for most of the houses, of any kind, are built and occupied by those who have found St. Mawes a haven of contentment the whole year round. Neither is there a superfluity of hotels, for there is only one principal, fully licensed one, the Ship and Castle, which occupies a pivotal position right opposite the comings and goings of local life—St. Mawes's pier.

In addition to the Ship and Castle there is Idle Rocks Hotel, described in an earlier article, while Pen-E-Glos, a guest house which I used to recommend, is now a school.

The existence of the Ship and Castle was already well known to me, and from SPHERE readers I have had such good reports of it, that it was to the Ship and Castle I repaired, and am awakened each morning, as my bedroom window faces directly across the harbour, by the ferry steamer going hard aport as it edges alongside the quay.

I like the Ship and Castle because I like its new owners, Mr. and Mrs. Rodney Clarke. They have got the right ideas on making one feel comfortable and "at home." They have ideals of reconstruction and improvement, some of which cannot take place until after the war, but in the meanwhile they have done much to a building which has long been neglected, and if you knew the Ship and Castle of old, you will quickly recognise the improvements of to-day. The bedrooms are comfortably utilitarian; there are all the essentials, plus those personal inessentials, such as flowers. Next door to my bedroom I have discovered a small residents' lounge, which will be useful when I want to escape from the more populated public rooms below. When I am in no mood to be solitary, I can find my way to the bar below stairs, friendly in its atmosphere, individual in its decoration.

The dining-room, service and cooking are all really good. I am not at all certain that I am not overeating, but I am trying to rectify this sin against the flesh by touring the near neighbourhood on foot or by boat. When you explore this little peninsula of Roseland, you appreciate the full meaning of the word "picturesque." Each fresh journey reveals tiny coves, twisting creeks, and intriguing lanes, and really to know her inside out and outside in, one should vary one's headquarters.

For a divisional headquarters I have ear-marked a guest house named Rosevine, which has a southern aspect overlooking Portscatho. All the bedrooms are individually named and decorated, after various flowers. Each looks out on to a panorama of waving palms, the blue Cornish sea beyond. The kitchen garden groans with produce, and the countryside is rich in poultry, ducks, and nice, milk-giving cows. Given a car, with one's minimum of rations, small shopping expeditions could be indulged in, but where there's a will there's a way, and even without a car there are various means of contacting the chemist, the coiffeur and the custodian of the local book-shop.

Fortunate indeed are those who can make the Roseland Peninsula their haven in these days of war, for the coastline gives no aid to the invader, and aeroplanes and military objectives are unknown.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

C. K., Sussex.—For "duration headquarters" you cannot do better than Bourne Hall, Bournemouth; there is no ban on residents, only on casual visitors, and you could settle down under the wing of Mr. and Mrs. Bray and be extremely comfortable.

J. G. T., Daventry.—You say you have set me a problem in asking for an hotel in Shropshire which you think is sparse of such places; it may be, but I can give you one, and exactly what you want, for you can get both golf and fishing and plenty of walking if you want that without going outside the grounds—make your way to the Hawkstone Park Hotel, Weston-under-Redcastle.

C. B., Weedon.—Honeymoons present problems in these days of petrol rationing; why not make the journey by rail to Paignton, which is deliciously sunny and very gay, and stay at the Redcliffe Hotel, where you will find plenty of amusing things to do, and very cheery people. There are Saturday night dances, and if you like walking, the surrounding country is simply lovely.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters, accompanied by a 2½d. stamp for reply, should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.

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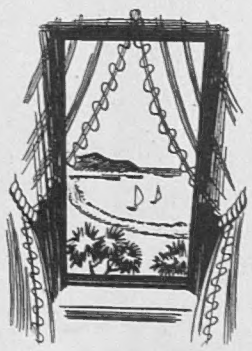

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"OLD TALES RE-TOLD"
By F. MATANIA, R.I.

. . .

Hippolochus had been the lucky one who had taught her the meaning of love. Apparently he had scorned the obvious course of divulging his intentions to a world which had placed a sort of public mortgage on Lais. It was easier and quicker to disappear into the unknown and take her with him.

The lovers had concealed their plans so well that no one had the least suspicion of their intentions.

Lais, for her part, felt no regret at leaving her unofficial throne. Her heart was aflame with love for the first time—love for the one man who had the power to reconstitute and glorify her life. Her whole outlook was changed.

By his side she travelled night and day until they reached Thessaly. There she performed the ceremony of taking leave of the goddess Aphrodite Pandemos, altered her allegiance to the other Aphrodite and became honourably wedded to Hippolochus. . . .

"FIND THE LADY"
By ARTHUR MILLS

. . .

The commercial man always sat at one of the tables Miss Brown was serving, generally choosing one against a wall. He came in for his egg on toast and tea about six on the day following the episode of the detective and the "Moon and Sixpence." Standing by his side, with her pencil poised over her order pad, Miss Brown gave an account of the evening. "They've got my finger-prints," she finished.

The commercial scratched the sandy hair on the back of his head; then he picked up the menu as if he was going to choose something different from his usual egg, and said:

"Did you think it safe to go to a dance club?"

Miss Brown placed her hand against her hip: "I like dancing," she said.

The commercial did not answer this; small-time agents, who argued with heads of organisations, met trouble; sometimes they died. He said, "Can I help?"

"Yes," said Miss Brown, writing in her order pad. "That's what I want," she dropped a slip of paper on the table as she cleared away a plate: "the address where you'll get it is written down." . . .

"THE COMING OF THE BOMBERS"
By C. T. STONEHAM

. . .

That evening at sunset my wife called me in great distress to witness the destruction of "all our ships." This is a place of beautiful skies, and that night the horizon was bedecked with glowing banners flown under swollen purple clouds. On the calm, sullen sea, where it met the radiant sky, a long line of ships showed—a convoy going towards London. Several of those ships seemed to be on fire. It was with a heavy heart that I stared at them, for they were Britain, burning out like a torch, going down into the sea.

All the evening we watched, until darkness hid the scene, and, there being no lights upon the water, I had hope. In the morning I learned that two cargo ships and a destroyer had been hit, but were all safely in harbour, the fires extinguished and little harm done.

For a few days after the sinking of the warship things were quiet. At the office men who were members of the Home Guard were given rifles, and I, to whom most makes of firearms are as familiar as knives and forks, gave instruction in the use of them. Anti-aircraft guns were being brought into the district, fighter planes appeared overhead; a reception was being prepared for the German. One afternoon he got it.

I was ill-content with trusting to unknown observers for intimation of danger; weeks of listening to enemy bombers through dark skies had taught me to recognise the beat of their engines, and I had no intention of being caught unawares in that flimsy hut while bullets and shrapnel filled the air. Hearing a familiar note, I hastened out into the lane, to see a flight of six planes low overhead, in wedge-shaped formation. I had no time to study them; I caught sight of the leader, well in advance, directly over the harbour. Two "Spitfires" were rushing to meet him. He turned, like a seal, on one side and went roaring down in a vertical power dive on the shipping and the wharves. The fighters were hard after him. . . .

ALSO IN THE NOVEMBER ISSUE

Harold J. Shepstone in an article entitled "To-day in Besieged Hong Kong," tells you how Britain's outpost in the Far East has been called upon to face special problems and has therefore been prepared for defence.

Britain commands the seas, and Frank H. Shaw tells you "How the Blockade Works."

George Slocombe who was in France when the Germans overran the country gives his personal experiences of the tragic last moments of the mighty French Republic in a brilliant article "The Break Up of an Empire."

A comprehensive Women's section, includes articles on Health and Beauty; Life Below Stairs (with ideas on how to improvise the downstairs rooms for bedrooms)—Fashions—Cookery—Knitting and many other interesting pages.

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